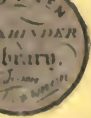




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ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
GERMAN POETRY,
WITH NOTES, &c.

BY
ELIJAH BARWELL IMPEY, Esq., M.A.

FACULTY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres, neque desilies imitator in arctum
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet aut operis lex.
HORACE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

CLAPHAM :
PUBLISHED BY DAVID BATTEN:
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1841.

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TO
HENRY, MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.,
THESE PAGES ARE INSCRIBED,
IN REMEMBRANCE OF EARLY ASSOCIATIONS,
AND
IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF MANY LATER MARKS
OF KINDNESS AND CONDESCENSION.

MEMOR
ACTÆ NON ALIO REGE PUERTIÆ
MUTALÆQUE SIMUL TOGÆ.



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THE manuscripts, from which this little work is a selection, have long been in the hands of friends, whose favourable opinion seemed to warrant a wider circulation.

Its design is sufficiently set forth in the title-page ; but it will be necessary to add a few words more, to account for the arrangement of its parts, and for whatever else may require explanation, acknowledgment, or excuse.

The first intention of the Editor was, to publish only a small portion of these pages, comprising, among a few other specimens, a translation of Schiller's *Bell*, accompanied by an analytical review of the *Outlines* by Mauritz

Retzsch, illustrative of that poem, *and a copy of the engravings themselves*. But it was discovered—unfortunately, not till after some of the letter-press had been struck off—that it was impossible to reduce the Outlines to the compass required; many of the minor emblematical details being too minute to admit of any reduction.

Thus abridged of its contents, and divested of its ornamental character, it became necessary either to remodel the work, or to suppress it altogether.

The former alternative was preferred; the rather, as sufficient materials had been collected, to supply the first defect, and in some measure—by substituting *critical* for *pictorial* illustration—to compensate for the second.

With this view, and in accordance, as far as it was possible, with that portion of the text which had been already printed, a new series of translations, lyric and dramatic, was added,

with notes sufficient to complete another volume.

Thus the Analysis, which at first was to have been printed as an appendix, will now form a sort of preface to the first specimen in this collection ; and, though stripped of its graphic accompaniments, still serve to convey, as it may be hoped, some increased interest, together with a clearer insight into the subject.

The Introduction, which follows, will briefly explain the author's views of translation in general ; and the whole—though in a partial manner—pourtray some of the leading features of German poetry ; partly by metrical versions, and partly by short notices in prose.

It may possibly be objected, that no immediate references are given, as a test of the translator's fidelity. To this he can only reply—that his extracts have been selected from writers, whose celebrity renders their works easy of access ; and that a more ostentatious display of his imitations,

by placing them side by side with the originals, would not only have increased the book to a size and cost unwarranted by its importance ; but might also have conveyed an assumption of *verbal accuracy*, to which it does not pretend.

For many friendly directions to the sources from whence these materials have been drawn, much acknowledgment is due to the correspondence and instruction of Professors Carl Ebenau, of Wiesbaden, and Otto Schmidt, of Berlin, who is now resident in London.

During the absence of the latter, it is to be regretted, that these volumes had advanced too far, to derive all the benefit which might otherwise have been expected from his kind superintendence ; the less, however, as it will sufficiently appear, from some notes at the close of this work, that, to him the author is indebted for the detection of more than one oversight, which has been since amended. For these, no better atonement can now be made, than the

supplement of Mr. Schmidt's valuable remarks. They are therefore subjoined, under the head of *Corrigenda*, in the Professor's own concise and expressive words, marked with inverted commas. See Vol. II., pp. 618—627.

If, in the notes and biographical sketches, especially those which are appended to the dramatic specimens—the annotator should seem to have deviated too much into the province of history, the error must be attributed to his having been led astray by the interest with which he had been lately reading Mr. Courtenay's able *Commentary on the Historical Plays of Shakspeare*: for this, if it be a blemish, the author alone is accountable; but if, on the contrary, it be deemed an allowable elucidation of his work, the merit is due, though unconsciously, to the suggestions of his Right Honourable friend.

The few supernumerary pieces, classed under the title of *Addenda*, will be explained, and

apologised for, in the note which precedes them. Vol. II., p. 577.

The Appendix, No. 1, comprising a short abstract of the life and writings of Schiller, has been partly compiled from that prefixed to the edition of his collected works, in royal 8vo., printed at the Hague, in 1830; the text of which has likewise been followed in all the specimens given of that pre-eminent writer. Those extracted from Kleist's play, are from a copy separately published in 8vo., at Berlin, in 1810.

For the particulars advertised in Appendix, No. 2, as collaterally applicable to the object of these volumes—the diffusion of German literature—no excuse is necessary. On the contrary, whatever else may be the value of the information they contain, *this* at least cannot fail to be well appreciated by those who desire to share the advantage of an establishment, to which the author gladly records his own obligation,

and which he naturally wishes to make known to others.

It remains only to mention a circumstance or two, not a little unpropitious to this publication, in consequence of the time which has elapsed between its commencement and completion.

Its design, in the first place, has been partly anticipated, by two masterly translations of the *Lay of the Bell* ; one by Mr. Talbot, the other by Mr. Merivale.

Of these—without presuming to bestow the palm on either—the least that can be said, is, that they are both of such excellence, as entirely to supersede the necessity of a third.

The present translator is well aware of the disadvantage of being thus involuntarily brought into competition with two such rivals ; and can only be reconciled to the inequality of the conflict, by considering it as one, in which it will be less inglorious to be foiled, than honourable to have contended.

In the second place, it is well known, that Mr. Merivale, to the delight of his readers, is following up his first essays in a popular magazine, by a series of treatises and translations, which, there is every reason to hope, will one day form another "Anthology," to diversify and adorn the garland of his many-lettered muse.

Yet here again, the somewhat tardy operations of the press, admit at least of one compensation ; inasmuch as they afford the author an opportunity to declare, that, agreeing as he does in the "Principles of Translation" so ably developed by his learned friend, and sometimes even casually coinciding in the very expressions which exemplify them, he feels no little pride in finding himself a fellow labourer in the same field of literature

The harvest is becoming every day riper and more abundant ; and, although he may no longer pretend to share the heat and labour of the day, yet has it been a pleasant and a wholesome

exercise to collect together this little sheaf ;
nor will it hereafter be a degrading recollection,
if he now resigns his sickle into abler hands—
content to glean where others are better qualified
to reap and gather into their garners.

Clapham Common,

June 22, 1840.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	PAGE.
ADVERTISEMENT.....	i.
Introduction to Analysis of Retzsch's Outlines to Schiller's Bell	v.
Analysis, &c.	15
Introduction to Translations	113
Inscription	129

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATION.

The Lay of the Bell, from Schiller.....	133
Fridolin.....	159
The Diver.....	179
The Count of Habsburgh.....	193
The Glove.....	203
The Cranes of Ibycus	209
The Wedding Song, from Göthe.....	225
The Minstrel	231
Song.....	234
The Rat-catcher	235
Lines preceding the Prologue to Faust	237
The Wanderer, from Tieck	241
Hope, from Schiller.....	243
The Minstrel's Curse, from Uhland	245

	PAGE.
The Fatal Tournament	255
Little Roland	259
The Gallows at Posen	270
The Song of the Sword, from Theodore Körner	273
The Soldier's Cloak, from Holtey	278
Changes and Chances, from Kotzebue	281
The Switzer's Home	284
The Nightly Review, from Zeidlitz	288
Barbarossa in Kyffhäuser	291
The Richest Prince, from Justin Kerner.....	294
The Pilgrim of St. Justin, from Count Platen	297
Walpurgis Night, from Häring	298
The Unfortunate Ladies, from Gellert	300
The Fortunate Marriage	303
Hebe, from Langbein	307
Remembrance	309
The Giants and the Pigmies, from Rückert	311
The Shepherd's Hymn, from Uhland	313
Ode to the Redeemer, from Klopstock	315
Arion, from A. W. Schlegel.....	321
Lines addressed by Louis, King of Bavaria, to his first- born Son	332
To Her Royal Highness Princess Matilda of Bavaria..	336
The Lot of Kings.....	337

NOTES.

To Advertisement	341
To Introduction to the Analysis	343
To Analysis	345
To the Lyric Specimens	359

INTRODUCTION TO THE ANALYSIS.

IN preparing the following Analysis, the design has been, more plainly to interpret the mysterious emblems, by which the Poet's thoughts have been hitherto little more than hinted at : to point out the ingenuity which has realized and substantiated his abstract ideas : and to unravel the clue, by which they may be traced, through all their intricate combinations.

For this purpose recourse has been had to the remarks prefixed to his admirable designs by the Artist himself, but the subject has been treated upon a plan somewhat less confined, and in a style deservedly more commendatory than that, to which, for obvious reasons, they were originally limited. It may be necessary also, to add, that instead of the titles *there* prefixed

to each number, they are *here* headed by mottos, extracted from the Translation, in those instances where the Poem, and the Outlines coincide ; but where the latter are supplementary, *that epithet* is annexed instead of a motto : this will answer the double purpose of familiarizing the reader with the poem, and of pointing out more clearly, how far it has been episodically illustrated.

If any apology be required for having thus filled up *the only Outline* which the unpretending character of Genius has left incomplete ; it will be found in the desire of offering a tribute, which, however imperfect, may perhaps be deemed not altogether unacceptable, as proceeding from a country, where the talents of Mr. Retzsch are so highly appreciated, and his works so extensively spread.

Nor will these preliminary remarks be held useless to those, who are unaccustomed to the mystical manner in which the subject is treated both by the pen and the graver.

There are many passages, which, to a superficial observer, present difficulties, which disappear only upon minute examination ; they arise however, not from any obscurity, which can justly be imputed as a fault to either artist ; but rather to the allegorical nature of the compositions themselves ; and those nice transitions from one topic to another, which, while they exercise the acumen of the critic, exhibit at the same time the admirable discrimination of the author, and his illustrator ; and thus, by affording opportunities to compare one with the other, greatly enhance the pleasure we derive from both.

These allegories remind us generally of those, which so frequently occur in the Greek dramatic chorus : and the transitions are such as we often admire for their ingenuity, and as often trace with some perplexity, in the Odes of Pindar ; *speaking to those who understand*, but “caviare to the general”. Neither the Verses

nor the Outlines are to be considered, according to the Oriental metaphor, as pearls loosely strung together, but rather as one of those delicate Indian chains, whose links at a little distance are invisible : or to the prismatic colours of the rainbow, blended together by imperceptible degrees, at the point where they touch, yet at their extremities perfectly well defined ; weaving, as it were, an uninterrupted tissue, at once variegated, luminous and distinct.

The Outlines consist of forty-three pieces, which it is proposed to analyse severally, and in relation to each other ; according to their numerical arrangement.

By this method it will be found that they form a little gallery of cabinet pictures, illustrative of a series of thoughts, which being embodied in certain forms, and disposed in various groups, attitudes and situations, become the vehicle of a connected narrative.

The principal subject is the history of a

Church Bell, from its formation in the foundery, or rather from its first conception, as an abstract idea, in the poet's mind, to its final dissolution, in common with all the proudest works of man, under the operation of Time, the author of all decay. As a kind of underplot to this fable, are represented the various vicissitudes of human life : these, as in dramatic composition, subserve to the main plot : *In the Poem* they are first suggested by the principal subject, and then generally and diffusively treated in a didactic style : but *here* they are concentrated, and combined with particular persons and places.

By this contrivance Mr. Retzsch has created an individual and local interest, which he has most skilfully continued without interruption, though frequently by very nice gradations, through a progressive series of illustrations from beginning to end : for though the forms, which he has invented, are as ideal and anonymous

as those of Schiller, and their localities equally undefined ; yet the portraiture of both, as often as they reeur, preserves their personal identity, and thus infinitely exalts the interest of the poem.

It is by this peculiar system that these beautiful drawings are essentially distinguished from others, whether by the same or by different hands: those for example by Flaxman,—(of whom, without instituting any comparison, we have a right to be proud,)—admirably as they are designed, pretend to no such originality of invention : and those by Mr. Retzsch himself, whether they illustrate the Fridolin, the Faust, or the scenes from Shakspeare, are all indebted to their several authors for their plots, the agents by which they are conducted, and the scenery which accompanies them. *Here* on the contrary the *thoughts* only, “the airy nothings” are provided : the *action* is defined, the *agents* “turned to shape” and all but a local habita-

tion and a name" given,—*not by the poet*,—but his interpreter.

Whether the latter has in like manner furnished us with sufficient data, whereon to found the chronology of his creations, is a point which admits of some question. In this respect two things are remarkable;—first that in those scenes where offensive weapons are introduced, we find no fire arms, except once, and then of the rudest and most primitive construction : secondly, that in the more familiar and domestic situations, the practice of smoking, now become so habitual, as almost to form part of the German costume, has been altogether unnoticed. These peculiarities, however, are easily accounted for, by assuming an intermediate date between the earlier use of gunpowder, and the importation of tobacco from America. Now as it is commonly supposed that gunpowder was accidentally discovered by Barthold Schwartz a native of Mayence, somewhere between 1290

and 1320 :—that artillery was employed in Europe for the first time at the battle of Cressy, in the year 1346; and that tobacco was not known in our hemisphere till about three hundred years afterwards ;—if we take the beginning of the interval between these two periods, for the epoch required, we need not wonder, if in the course of this graphic exhibition, we find banditti bungling with a clumsy matchlock, rebels, as well as true men, armed with pikes and cross bows, and a whole German province still unprovided with the *meerschaut*, see Nos. XIII. XXXIV. XXXVII, & XXXVIII. These coincidences also tally well in point of time, with the architecture, which prevails throughout these outlines. The wide, pointed arch, and crocketed pinnacle of monastic buildings, such as are represented in No. XLI. succeeded the earlier lancet-shaped windows and undecorated pediments, about the middle of the twelfth, and prevailed till late in the fifteenth century ;

when they were supplanted by the more florid style, of which there is here no trace. Let us then with these broad data indulge our imagination in conjecturing, that the picturesque scenes, to which we are about to be introduced, belong to those days of chivalry and romance, of heroic magnanimity and priest-ridden superstition, when our Anglo-Norman ancestors, the leading spirits of that stirring age, were alternately building monasteries and casting cannon : when two German Emperors were contesting the throne of the Cæsars, under the tyrannous domination of a Pope ; and when one of their vassals, John the Blind, King of Bohemia, disdaining to do homage to either, preferred the service of a foreign sovereign, and adopting his quarrel, lost life, crest and cognisance to our gallant Plantagenet, Edward the Black Prince.

With this exordium, we now present the spectator with our Catalogue raisonnée.

•

ANALYSIS, &c.

The **Outlines to Schiller's Lay of the Bell**, by MORITZ RETZSCH, annexed to **Mr. Impey's Illustrations of German Poetry**, may be had by application to Mr. BATTEN, *Librarian, Clapham Common*, price 18s., bound in cloth uniform with the Work.

SUCH may be supposed to be the uppermost in the Poet's thoughts on the first conception of his subject, "THE LAY OF THE BELL," this sketch, therefore, represents a mere vision of his mind; the first rudiments of a creation, hereafter to be developed; but now only floating in his imagination, like figures, in the clouds, vaguely shadowing forth the leading features of his future poem.

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study and the objectives of the research. It also provides a brief overview of the methodology used in the study.

2. The second part of the paper presents the results of the study. It includes a detailed description of the data collected and the analysis performed. The results are presented in a clear and concise manner, using tables and figures where appropriate.

3. The third part of the paper discusses the implications of the study and the conclusions drawn from the results. It also provides a brief summary of the findings and the recommendations for future research.

The study was conducted in a laboratory setting, using a series of experiments to measure the effect of the treatment on the response of the system. The results of the study are presented in the following tables and figures.

Table 1: Summary of the results of the study. The table shows the mean values of the response of the system for each treatment group, along with the standard deviation and the range of the data.

Figure 1: A line graph showing the response of the system over time for each treatment group. The graph shows that the response of the system increases over time for all treatment groups, with the treatment group receiving the highest dose showing the greatest increase.

The results of the study indicate that the treatment has a significant effect on the response of the system. The treatment group receiving the highest dose showed the greatest increase in response, while the treatment group receiving the lowest dose showed the least increase. The results also indicate that the response of the system increases over time for all treatment groups, with the treatment group receiving the highest dose showing the greatest increase.

The study was limited by the fact that it was conducted in a laboratory setting, and the results may not be representative of the response of the system in a real-world setting. However, the study provides a valuable insight into the effect of the treatment on the response of the system, and the results suggest that the treatment has a significant effect on the response of the system.

ANALYSIS, &c.

No. I.

What e'er the wayward Fates provide,
Of change and chance, of weal and woe,
The brazen mouth shall herald wide,
And moralize to man below.

SUCH may be supposed to have been the words uppermost in the Poet's thoughts on the first conception of his subject, "THE LAY OF THE BELL," this sketch, therefore, represents a mere vision of his mind; the first rudiments of a creation, hereafter to be developed; but now only floating in his imagination, like figures, in the clouds, vaguely shadowing forth the leading features of his future poem.

First then—the faint and acrial contour of the Bell itself, and the flame which bursts from it, convey not only the idea of the substantial material and element out of which it is produced ; but also the fiery genius which dictates the thought, and applies it collaterally to the decrees of Providence in relation to mankind—to Time and to Eternity. Then—the shadowy group suggested by this first thought : the four seasons of the year, distinguished from the rest of the figures by a sort of radiated coronet, encircle and hover round the Bell, leading in their train, four other allegorical forms, Discord, Mirth, Sorrow, and Peacc. The first is recognized by her snaky hair and the torch, with which she strikes the rim of the Bell, casting at the same time a wild and fiendlike look below, as if watching the effects of its Alarum. On the opposite side is “hearteasing mirth, in heaven yclept Euphrosyne,” with her garland of roses, looking upward with a smile ; next comes Sorrow,

crowned with the cypress and the thorn, muffled in a mourning veil, and fixing her compassionate eyes upon the earth: Lastly, Peace, in the form of a beautiful youth, bearing a palm-branch, with which he lightly sweeps the Bell, to elicit those harmonious tones, which the Poet assigns to it, as its most desirable attribute,

To heartfelt union shall it sound,
And strike a holy peace around.

No. II.

Lo ! the mould of well baked clay
Close-immured, on earth, doth stand,
Up ! we cast the Bell to day :
Up ! my comrades, lay to hand.

THIS scene displays the interior of a smelting furnace, with its iron door-plates, suspended by chains ; the aperture, at which the crude metal is inserted, and that through which it

issues, when melted. Projecting a little in front, is the mould, to which the master founder points, as if pronouncing the words, with which the poem opens. His apprentices are busied in various preparatory works; such as modelling in wax, designing and engraving the different ornaments, reliefs and inscriptions. The drawing of the Bell is observed on a scroll of paper depending from a corner of the table on the left hand: and the master accompanies the labour of his workmen with "earnest words, and gentle speech." The upper compartment of the building is decorated with a frieze, describing in an emblematic manner, that union of poesy and science, with which Schiller has treated his subject. In the centre is his bust, encircled by the Ægyptian hieroglyphic of eternity, and illuminated by a star. The two lyres on the right and left, one in the shape of a swan, the other surmounted by an owl and bearing at its

base the head of Socrates, denote his character as a lyric and philosophic writer; and the garland, which encompasses the medallion, composed of the Phœbean laurel and Druidical oak, points him out as the inventor of that species of ballad, which combines the fables of Grecian Mythology with the Teutonic metres. On the entablature to the left, sits Prometheus in a contemplative posture, bearing the torch, lighted with fire from heaven: at his side is a stone, at his feet, a mallet, and opposite to him a campanula or bell-shaped flower, depending from its stalk, as if suggesting the invention on which his thoughts are employed. In the corresponding angle is Minerva; her head turned towards her favorite bird. As patroness of the peaceful arts, she holds in one hand an olive branch, resting on a terrestrial globe; with the other, she waives her protecting spear over the symbols of industry; the latter ingeniously represented by the petal

of a flower in arabesque work, resembling the midnight lamp. This, like the figure opposite, serves to recall the lines where serious thought and meditation are recommended at the commencement of every human enterprize.

For this was man with reason gifted
That he might search and understand;
Then most adorned when heav'nward lifted
The heart directs the labouring hand?

No. III.

Piles of seasoned pine-brands rear;
Till the flame through froth and foam,
Self-concenter'd, sharp and sheer
To the sweltering mass strike home.

THE preparations for heating the furnace being completed, those for mixing and fusing the Bell-metal, now succeed. The master founder carefully superintends the work; and

in the discourse which attends it, connects, arranges, and distinguishes the technical process from the Moral, which he deduces from it. The artist, even in the form and construction of his plates, has resorted to a singular method of marking the distinction. It will be observed, that in treating this, and other mechanical portions of the work, he has chosen the narrow form of an oval to enclose the sketch : those of a didactic character assume the solid shape of a rectangle : while the more fanciful flights of imagination spread themselves over a surface unlimited by any line of demarcation. The present is of the first kind. This is a subtlety which, it must be owned, would have escaped our observation, but for Mr. Retzsch's own interpretation. Some of the workmen are carrying fuel to the upper gallery, others throwing plates of tin into the lower grate : this is done at some distance, and in the

attitude of running, to avoid the heat emitted from the furnace.

No. IV.

By dint of hand and fire-craft
High above its earthy bed;
From the church tower shall it waft
Tidings of the quick and dead.

THIS outline is of a highly imaginative character, and thus strikingly contrasted with the last. While the fire is supposed to be actively operating upon the metal in the interior, and the flames making their way through the pipes and conduits—long before the Bell has assumed its shape in the mould—the mind of the Poet is already anticipating its various purposes, and the lofty position which it is

hereafter to assume. His ear already thrills with those tones, which as yet slumber in the imperfect ore, but, ere long

“ Shall share

“ Affliction with the heart forlorn,

“ Or wake the sinful soul to prayer,”

and his eye, “glancing from earth to heaven,” raises the visionary structure of the very tower in which it is to be deposited. This ideal architecture, still imperfect in its construction, is already adorned with various shadowy devices, which contain in detail an epitome of the whole poem. Thus the allegory before described, as dimly floating in the air, now becomes the subject of a rich frieze, which runs round the imaginary tower. There we again recognise the figures of Peace, Discord, Mirth, and Sorrow. The cornice rests, at different intervals, on winged hour-glasses, typical of the flight of time: those in the interior angles bear the shape of bats’ wings, signi-

fyng evil or ominous seasons. The whole is supported by two colossal statues, or caryatides, with broad pinions on their shoulders ; their features are marked by an expression of deep thought. These represent the Present and the Past ; the former sets his foot upon the sun, the source of vital existence ; the latter tramples upon the emblem of mortality.

The bust in the centre, with arms and wings extended, is the personification of the universe, spread abroad through all space. In the pediment above, is a still fainter vision, in bas-relief, of the Bell itself, mounted in its belfry, and touched, on one side, by the torch of Discord, on the other, by the palm of Peace. All this recalls to our thoughts the connection of the past, the present, and the future, with the destinies of men ; these are again alluded to more in detail upon the frieze already mentioned. *There*, upon minute inspection, we perceive the following imagery

imagery

still very faintly portrayed. First the entrance of an infant into life, marked by a baptismal proceession : next the prime and middle career of his existence, severally represented by a youth rising at break of day, and a ploughman returning from his labour at sun-set : then the decline of life, under the form of one sleeping by the light of an expiring lamp. These peaceable delineations of the four ages of man are forcibly contrasted by the relievos on the opposite side. First,—under the image of a people in a state of insurrection,—next of a city in flames ; and lastly,—of a ceremonial proceession at the restoration of peace. In closer allusion to the main subject, a section of the interior of the furnace is exhibited, where we see that portion of the mould, which is called the *motherpiece*. It forms the outer, or convex side. Between this mother-piece and the core, or concave side, is an

interval where the metal, when properly smelted, is hereafter to be infused.

No. V.

Pour the potash, ere it gush ;
Searching all above below.

WE return to the mechanical business of the foundry ; where the master is pointing out the moment, when it is necessary to refine the Bell-metal by the infusion of potash ; and to ascertain whether the mixture of tin, copper, and so forth be complete. The workmen are accordingly busied in raking the dross and scorca from the mouth of the furnace ; while one holds a vessel containing the potash : they are all protected from the insupportable heat, by wet sacking folded about their heads

and hands. Entering by a door on the left is seen the provident housewife, or a handmaid, whom she has deputed, with refreshments for the forgers engaged in this exhausting labour.

No. VI.

Hark! the solemn Church-Bell ringing

Hails the babe, that listlessly,

Life's sweet prime in peace beginning,

Sleeps &c.

HERE commences a series, which unites the history of the Bell, with what we have denominated the underplot; namely the different epochs and casualties of human life; magnifying and developing by degrees, all those circumstances, which hitherto have been only figuratively and minutely sketched: "whereof by parcels we have something heard, but

nought distinctively." A procession, according to the forms of the Roman Catholic Church, at the baptism of a new born child, is headed by the nurse, under whose garment he is sleeping. It moves on under a peal of Bells, towards the church, where the clerk or sacristan is waiting at the door. The mother, at whose side is an aged man, perhaps the patriarch of the family, is distinguished by a crucifix at her bosom : She bends her head over a bunch of flowers in her hand ; as if meditating on the frailty of life ; and is followed by her husband, who seems to be calling the attention of his young relations, to some moral reflexion, suggested by the thorns and thistles, over which they are passing. The same train of thought directs our attention to a stone cross at a little distance, which is entwined with briars, as well as roses, indicative of the mixture of pain and pleasure to which all are liable, from their first entrance

into the world. It is by these means that our interest is early, and mysteriously raised, for the little being, still invisible, who is to be the hero of many a succeeding scene. This perfect little picture is completed by a group in the foreground, and another in the distance, of people who are gazing at the ceremony.

No. VII.

Foul or serene his future doom
Lies lapp'd in Time's unfathomed gloom.

THE Minister, presiding at the font of baptism, contemplates the future lot of the unconscious being presented to him; and lifting up his eyes to a visionary cross, seems to ruminate on all the significant emblems, which seems to spring from its very root. On either side is a branch bearing half deve-

loped flowers, and scanty fruits interspersed with thorns and briers : At the extremity of one is the fabulous cockatrice, hatching a brood of death's-heads ; at the end of the other, the poetic swan brooding in vain, and singing his own elegy, over a multitude of fair eggs, which manifest no signs of coming to maturity. The only produce, which appears to be certain, is,—on one side, Suffering,—on the other,—Faith: the latter wearing a bandage over her eyes, betokening “the evidence of things not seen :” both are over-shadowed by the branch growing from the root of the cross. Yet here and there, among the intermediate shoots, are seen blossoming,—on the right, little cherubs, the spiritual growth of seed sown in the good ground ; on the left,—roses typical of pleasures planted in a worldly soil ; or still worse,—tares sown by the enemy, in the shape of fiends and cacodæmons: evil thoughts, words, and works. This ideal

garland extends, in a parallel direction, with the vision hovering over it. The winged moments of life are streaming on either side from the bosom of Eternity ; each bearing its tribute of good or evil, to the two urns placed at the extremities : over each of these leans its respective Genius : That on the left is Patience ; whose Urn is engraved with a tragic mask, and encompassed with thorns and passion-flowers. On the right is heavenly Joy ; whose emblems are the cherub and the rose. But the wings of Patience are symbolized by the Cross. Both turn their eyes to the fountain of every dispensation. Still more plainly to mark this moral antithesis, it is observable, that worldly Suffering is surmounted by spiritual Patience ; and sightless Faith, by heaven-beholding Joy.

No. VIII.

The mother's eye ;
That, like a watch-light ever warning,
Beams upon his golden morning.

WHILE the happy husband, peaceably employed in cutting slips, for his garden, looks with complaisance on his first born child, the mother tenderly covers the little slumberer from the dazzling light ; and protects him, with her brush of feathers, from any insect that may casually disturb his rest. The scene is the interior of a house, inhabited by a family in the middle class of society ; to which the poet has judiciously confined the interest of his Lay. The different articles of furniture and household utensils,—the cage with a favourite bird, the flower-pot, and the little unpretending mirror, hung almost out of reach, to shew that Vanity is no inmate in

their humble dwelling,—are all appropriate to their situation in life. The general structure and arrangement of the apartment should be carefully observed ; because it will be the scene of more than one future incident ; and serve, at certain intervals, to point out the progress of time, by the changes it undergoes.

No. IX.

His years like feathered arrows fly.

WE now begin to perceive, that the Artist is connecting the scattered thoughts of the lyric Lay into a consecutive tale. The babe, whom we left slumbering in the cradle, is rapidly grown to a boy of five or six years of age : he has already found a play-fellow in a little neighbour,—the daughter, it seems, of a

Miller. She is busy in constructing a little garden, to which he is eager to contribute his offering of a rose-bush ; being introduced, through the well known door, by his father, who appears to be a gardener. The animation of the boy's face and attitude admirably prediet that rashness of disposition, which will be seen to mark his future career.

The parents of the little girl look on with interest, but without interruption of their ordinary work ; and the house-dog looks up quietly at the visitors, as objects familiar to him,—watching at the same time, with double vigilance, the water-vessel which he is set to guard. The garden or outer court of the Miller's house deserves attention ; nor must the young trees pass unobserved, which he is fastening to poles, for their support ; because they will hereafter afford some of the means, by which we shall be enabled to measure the

lapse of time, when these little play-fellows shall have attained the age of man and woman.

No. X.

From maiden play to man's employ
Indignant starts the stripling boy.

AFTER a course of years, of which no notice is taken, the scene changes to the road, which separates the dwellings of the two opposite neighbours. The Miller has brought his daughter, now a little maid of about fourteen years old, to take leave of her young play-fellow. He is arrived at that age, when the German youths, of his class in life, are usually sent abroad, to see something of the world; and to learn the rudiments of their future trade or profession. She seizes his arm once

more to detain him ; and sinks weeping on her father's hand : while the young man, full of ardour and impetuosity, and smitten with the love of travel, heeds neither her tears, nor the parting admonition of his parents ; but bids them all a hasty farewell ; little conscious of the change, which a long separation will produce in his heart ; when he shall return to her, from whom he now parts with such indifference. She, on the other hand, has already contracted an incipient affection for him, unknown to herself, till roused, by this event, from its unconscious slumber, to a full and lively sensibility. The pigeon, which is seen flying from the dove-cote, is a fit emblem of the truant's disposition to be gone.

No. XI.

Grasps his staff, and roams the earth.

THE young traveller is now fairly on his journey ; and having, with his characteristic eagerness, out-stripped the speed of two way-faring men, whom chance had thrown into his company, gains the summit of a hill, whence he points with delight to the beautiful prospect before him ; and the vessel at a distance, which is to transport him beyond the Rhine and the Danube, far from his father-land. In his impatience, he seems to envy the wings of the lark, which is fluttering over his head ; He may, however, before his travels are at an end, need the advice and assistance of companions, whom he so rashly leaves,—another trait of an impetuous disposition.

XII.

SUPPLEMENTARY

DURING this and the following plate, we lose sight of Schiller, and are entirely indebted to his illustrator, for filling up the interval, between the traveller's departure, and return home. The words of the Poet, however, well warrant the licence which the former has taken, in assuming the duration of many years, and consequently a journey of great extent.

Accordingly, we now behold him wandering among the wilds of some northern climate.

Having lost all traces of his road across the snow, he meets a Cossack on his sledge; who warning him of the dangers of the way, he is about to take, points to a man, who is attacked by wolves in the distance: while, to heighten the apparent danger, some crows in the fore-

ground are feasting on the remains of the prey, left by those ravenous beasts.

No. XIII.

SUPPLEMENTARY

ESCAPED from the perils of the north, our hero is now pursuing his journey amid the delights of a more genial sky; and appears lost in the contemplation of all the natural beauties around him. Every object, within his view, breathes of peace and security: and to increase the repose of the landscape, a group of women is introduced, quietly wending their way, mounted upon mules. In the midst of this apparent safety, however, he is threatened by the most imminent danger:---a robber lurking under the covert of a rock surmounted by forest trees in the foreground, has already armed him-

self with a match-lock, and is cautiously waking his comrade, who is fast asleep. To this accident, and probably to his want of dexterity, in using a weapon—of rare occurrence at the time, the traveller owes his escape. See Introduction to this Analysis.

The figures and costume of these banditti resemble those of Salvator; and mournfully remind us of the sketches of our own Mortimer, whose early death scarcely afforded time for the establishment of his reputation.

No. XIV.

A stranger to his father's hearth

Returns, &c.

THE poem once more suggests a motto to the picture. After a lapse of many years, during which the stripling has become a vigorous young man, he returns to the habitation of his parents;

and finds them calmly seated at the very table, near which, when we last visited the chamber, his cradle used to stand, (See No. VIII.) Time seems to have made little alteration in their household. We miss nothing but the birdeage against the window; the loss of its short-lived inmate helps a little to measure the time. Age, also, with its stealthy pae, has visibly crept upon the inhabitants of the dwelling. Deeply affected by this appearance, and the well known objects, which remind him of his childhood,— the young man pauses at the threshold, in an attitude of melancholy meditation. His parents in the mean time, perplexed by the growth of his stature, in vain attempt to bring him to their remembrance: in vain the old man shades his eyes from the light of the lamp, which his wife has turned in the direction most favorable to assist her sight: suspecting yet doubting the reality, they are both unable to identify the apparition.

No. XV.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

THE Son at last unmanned by his emotion, casts aside cloak, staff, and travelling sack,—falls on his knees before his mother, and covers her hand with kisses, while she hangs upon his neck weeping. The aged father bending over the table, stretches out his arms, impatient to embrace his long lost child. The hurry and trepidation of the scene are minutely expressed by the spinning wheel thrown to the ground; and the little earthen vessel, which was attached by a string to the distaff, dashed to pieces on the floor. Retzsch in his note upon this number, apologizes for—what we rather acknowledge as an obligation;—the liberty which he has taken with his author, in filling up the void, which he had left, with intervening incidents: for he has, thus, not

only made us sensible of the interval which has elapsed, but at the same time highly exalted the interest, by this display of natural sentiment, on the return of a son to the bosom of his family. It is by these and similar touches of his art,—sometimes anticipating, sometimes postponing the events, and always adding some new beauty to his subject,—that he proves his pencil to be well worthy of the thoughts which it portrays.

No. XVI.

And views in all her charms,

The maid who first his young heart warms.

WE now return once more to the literal text. Conducted by his anxious parents, the young man re-enters his neighbour's house, which, as a boy he had so carelessly left. The beauti-

ful girl whom he had been accustomed to look upon as a mere playmate, now stands before him like a vision heaven-born, "a maid in all her charms." His first impulse is that of adoration, implied by the involuntary motion of his hand, with which he raises his bonnet; whilst his eyes intently gaze upon the lovely apparition. She, meanwhile, surprised in the very act of watering the rose-bush, which she has so long cherished for his sake, and of which she now wears a blossom in her bosom, lets fall the vessel from her hand, and stands motionless, blushing, and embarrassed. We may here remark that though no graving tool can give colour to a blush, yet it falls little short of the pen, in giving force to every emotion of the heart, without the use of glowing words. Here it especially displays its mastery in another manner, by delineating the progress of time. The tree, which in a former outline, the Miller was tying to a stake, has now dismissed

its prop; and the little rose-bush almost aspires to the character of a tree.

No. XVII.

A nameless, longing, lingering glow,
Fires all his blood : he roves alone :
Tears from his eyes unwonted flow ;
Far from his rude companions flown
Her steps he traces, &c.

How beautifully is the poetic outline filled up and embellished by the pencil, in delineating the progress of a virtuous passion ! The vanity and waywardness of a disposition once so headstrong, are now subdued into a calm and pleasing melancholy : his habits corrected, his tastes refined, and all his aspirations elevated to a nobler flight. The time and situation too, how congenial to such a state of mind !

The crescent which illumines this beautiful landscape, denotes the season most propitious to the reveries of a lover. With no other companion but his flute, he has escaped from follies and debaucheries, which he can no longer relish ; and deaf to the importunate 'clamour of his rude associates, fixes his eyes upon their only cynosure,—the loadstar which can alone attract them : for yonder is the water-mill, yonder the little latticed window, which marks the dwelling,—the paradise of his beloved !

No. XVIII.

Blest wheree'r

She meets him. Field and flowery grove,

He spoils of all that's sweet and fair

Wherewith to grace his lady-love.

HITHERTO the lovers seem not to have met,
but in the presence of others ; and though they

may be supposed to have improved their acquaintance, under the sanction of mutual friends, by frequent and gradual approaches to affection ; yet they are still restricted by delicacy to the immediate vicinity of the paternal roof.

The maiden consents at last to the appointed assignation ; but at a distance no farther than the garden door :—she is followed by the old household-dog which we recognize as the favourite of her childhood. The interview, though a stolen one, serves to interest us favourably in both their characters. The impassioned look with which he presents his bouquet, the graceful modesty with which she accepts it, the hand held in sacred confidence, the recollection of their early tastes and pursuits, by sympathy ripened into a more engrossing passion,—all conspire to render them more and more amiable in our eyes. We must not overlook the minute finish of this composition,

which reminds us of some of the Flemish painters : With them it is sometimes a little out of place, as for instance the shells on the sea shore in the Hippolitus of Rubens,—but here by no means so. The dog is necessary to particularize the dwelling of his young mistress, and could not have been introduced in a more natural manner : he has scented an almost microscopic little mouse, which is timidly crouching among the weeds in the corner. The masterly pencil of Lanscer himself could not have surpassed the expression given to either animal by the colourless touch of our admirable engraver.

No. XIX.

Ah ! tender hope ! ah ! dear delusion !

First Love. Life's golden age of dreams ! &c.

Lest we should apprehend any but the holiest

feeling of affection, to be conveyed in these
emphatic words, or fear, like the cautious Magi-
cian in the play,

“ Lest too light wooing

“ Make the prize light.”

The judicious artist has directed the eyes of his lovers heaven-ward,—to the contemplation of the glories of the starry firmament. They have wandered alone, and far from human observation; but always accompanied by a sacred reliance on the principles of each other, and that sense of religion, which true love never fails to inspire. They are surrounded by all the bountiful gifts of Providence; and contemplate them in one of their most captivating forms, with hearts elevated and softened by the purest affection.

This moon-light scene, coupled with the group before us, brings to our recollection a picture drawn by that inimitable master, who

has left no trait of nature untouched—no chord of the human heart unthrilled.

Look how the floor of heaven,
Is thick inlaid with pattens of bright gold !
There's not the smallest Orb, which thou beboldest,
But in his motion, like an Angel, sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubim.

No. XX.

O that young love's sweet primrose-tide
Might ever fresh and fair abide !

It is not only to the expressive grouping of the happy pair,—now plighting their faith by a holy kiss, in pledge of approaching union,—that we are to look for interpretation of these words : Our illustrator once more assumes the character of the Mystagogue—or interpreter of mysterious emblems, more

significantly to impress the poet's meaning on the classic mind.

The lovers must be supposed to have wandered to an Alcove, constructed on the grounds of some tasteful and opulent proprietor; who, among other embellishments, has not forgotten the one most indispensable—a Lover's seat. The statues of Cupid and Psyche are placed upon pedestals apart from each other, in allusion to the evanescent nature of a passion, like every other human emotion, liable to fluctuation; and, however lively, doomed to final extinction.

This is farther implied, by the well-known period in the history of the Deities themselves,—as given by Apuleius,—that of their separation. Cupid, in the moment of departure, points with his bow, to a pair of fluttering short-lived butterflies; which remind us of the name and attributes of Psyche: while she,—with an expression of remonstrance—“Her wrapt soul

sitting in her eyes," recalls the exclamation of the poet, quoted in our motto. In the floral tracery, which adorns the alcove,—immediately over the lovers' heads,—are seen two little Genii, emerging from the bells of opposite flowers, and embracing with a tenderness, that would do honour to the conceptions of a Darwin. The evergreen china-rose, is shedding its leaves at the feet of the fugitive God ; while the wanton ivy, clings about him, as if desirous to arrest his flight : But at the base of Psyche's statue—the butterfly, which typifies the soul, still sips the nectar of imperishable love.

No. XXI.

See the glowing pipes grow brown :

Probe the metal to the core : &c.

WHILE the Master-founder has been descant-

ing on the various topics, through which we have ranged, the work proceeds. He holds in his hand, the little iron rod, with which it is necessary, from time to time, to ascertain the state of the mixed metals: One of his most experienced workmen, presents a portion of it, upon a forceps, for his inspection;—the rest look on with an expression of intelligence, mixed with deference to his judgment. The inquisitive look of the young apprentice, bending over the block of wood, is well contrasted, with the steady observation of the elder journeyman, who leans quietly upon his iron ladle. A boy is carrying fresh fuel to the furnace, to shew that the expected crisis is still in suspense. At this anxious moment, the refreshments remain still untouched upon the table. It is scarcely necessary to point out that the Artist refrains from all figurative illustration, during these technical operations, and the boundary of the outline reassumes its *oval* form.

No. XXII.

Fluttering in the young bride's tresses,
Sweetly the virgin buds play ;
When the merry Church-bell blesses,
Wedded Love's bright holiday,

WE return to the future destinies of the Bell, as connected with those of mankind. Having already, in imagination, listened to its first chime, at the baptism of a new born babe, we now see,—by its inclination, and the force with which the clapper swings,—that a merry peal is ringing for a wedding. This wedding is ingeniously made applicable to the young couple, for whom our interest has been raised. The bride and bridegroom are distinguished by the garlands on their heads:—the latter leads the procession, preceded by a band of music, which ceases, as they approach the Church-door: he looks behind him, with im-

patience, on the object of his affection : while she, hand in hand, with her mother, “passes on, in maiden meditation fancy free.” The Matrons time of life, is distinguished from that of her daughter, rather, by a somewhat broader contour, than by any visible lines of age : for Time lays a lenient hand on those, who live in contentment and peace of mind. The wedding garments contrast, agreeably, with the coarse attire of the peasants, who are looking on ; and the objects along the line of procession, gradually diminish from the foreground, to the distance in perfect perspective.

No. XXIII.

And man must go forth,
On the race he is running:
By wit or by worth,
By force or by cunning:
Must plant, and must gather,
Must strive and importune,
And grapple and grasp,
And make prisoner of fortune.

WITH reference to the Outlines, this passage might, perhaps, rather have been translated—

The Husband must forth, &c.

And this is a fit exemplification of one of the methods, by which Mr. Retzsch contrives to identify his *definite* characters with their originals, which are *indefinite*. Our hero thus becomes the subject of all those toils and tribulations of active life, which are so eloquently described by Schiller. Some of them have been already enumerated, in the dangers

and difficulties to which he was exposed, in his first travels : they are now to be continued, during his separation from his family, in the character of a husband and father, pursuing his fortunes abroad. We shall presently witness the result of his speculations. Meanwhile, how beautifully is the story told ! How exactly are the unities observed ! and this, entirely by the artificial invention alluded to. The poem suggests nothing of the tenderness with which the departing Traveller encircles his wife and youngest child, in one embrace ; nothing of the hereditary impatience, with which the eldest boy breaks from his nurse, in admiration of the fiery steed, which his father is about to bestride : nor the timidity of his little sister, who is deterred from approaching by the same cause. The flight of doves hovering over the horse's head, indicates, in the Artist's favourite manner, the distance which

is to separate the adventurer from his happy home.

No. XXIV.

With prudence she governs,
And orders, and aids ;
Exhorts or upbraids,—
Rebuking the boys ;
And instructing the maids.

THE interval between the departure and return of the Man of Business, is artfully supplied by this touching description of the interior of his establishment, during his absence. It anticipates some passages of the Poem, and keeps back others ; which else, would have succeeded too rapidly : just as in dramatic representation, a greater degree of probability is often effected, by the interposition of a scene, which

protracts the time and suspends the interest. In this pause of action, a few slight lines place before us all the economical details connected with a German Matron of the middle class. She is seated at her spinning wheel, carefully instructing her eldest girl,—no longer under the tuition of a nurse,—when her attention is suddenly called to the little urchins, who are quarrelling on the floor: She holds up her finger, to admonish them: while the youngest, who is uppermost, directs his eyes towards her, and, pointing to the toy, which his brother has seized, seems to justify his own quarrel. This turbulent group is well balanced by that in the opposite corner, where the two youngest children are peaceably playing together: the little girl is alarmed at the noise, but the baby perseveres in preparing a bed for his doll.

The spacious and airy apartment,—the housemaid busied in its arrangement,—the furniture—

substantial, but elegant,—where “the sweet scented coffers and cabinets,” containing her stores, are not forgot,—and even the flower-pot at the window, still cherishing an off-set of the favourite rose-bush,—all conspire to manifest her harmless tastes, and virtuous inclinations.

No. XXV.

Now flows the full springtide
Of wealth without measure:
His garner's are warp'd,
With the weight of his treasure.

THE uniform tenor of his affairs, at home, under the management of a prudent housewife, offers little interest beyond the minutiae of a prosperous and well regulated menage; and furnishes no index, by which we can mea-

sure the continuance of his travels. In due time, he re-appears, after having acquired wealth, by his foreign adventures ; and is now superintending his farms, and merchandize at home. His Mansion has encreased with his fortune : his Warehouses swell with the product of every quarter of the globe : some of his bales, lie packed in the wharf, guarded by a fierce mastiff ; others, loaded in waggons, are coming in, or in progress of exportation ; every object about him bears the appearance of activity : even his favourite dog seems to take part in the general bustle—while he himself looks on, with an air of authority, and sits his well-appointed steed, with the haughtiness of a man too confident in his own importance, and liable to be elevated above measure, by the smiles of fortune. His wife is seen at a distance, less ostentatiously employed, among her children and domestics ; and it will be observed that this contrast of character is well sustained throughout.

No. XXVI.

And he boasts in the pride of his heart—"Behold,

"Yonder my house and land

"Firm as the earth they stand,

"Glittering in Glory and Treasure untold."

FROM a lofty balcony, which commands an extensive view of his estate, the wealthy merchant now exhibits, to his assembled family, the magnitude of his possessions : elevated at the sight to an undue pitch of presumption, he points, as if in defiance, at the tempest already lowering in the horizon ; and turning to his wife, appears to be giving vent to the above irreverent expression of confidence in his own security. She, on the contrary, struck with foreboding fears, gently takes his arm, and, with a look of awful expostulation, warns him against the consequences of his presumption. The elder

children—such is the perilous influence of example—seem interested in the display of their father's importance: but the two youngest are only intent upon their childish play.

No. XXVII.

Vain man ! for no mortal may hold,
A bond everlasting of Fortune ; for wide
And sudden and swift is the stride,
Of Adversity trampling on power and pride,

THE Genius of Adversity,—a bold personification of Almighty Vengeance,—is represented, traversing, with gigantic stride, the regions of air ; and directing the Tempest. An attendant fiend looks down, with malignant, joy upon the destruction, which has alighted on the vain-glorious man, who, trusting to the multi-

tude of his riches, had defied the coming storm.

A Comet with a fiery eye and train,—
assuming the form of an animated being,—
precedes the whirlwind, whose violence is
visible in every object around : An eagle,
frighted from his aerie on the rock, seeks
shelter in the valley below. There all is
ruin and desolation : We recognize the boasted
mansion, a prey to the flames ; the unhappy
proprietor, flying in dismay ; his chariot
and horses struck by a thunder-bolt ; his
plantations uprooted—his lands laid waste—
and all the vaunted works of his hand
overwhelmed by fire and flood : all reminding
us of the words of our poet,—bold as any of
the metaphors of Æschylus :—

All the Elements arrayed
In mortal enmity, have laid,
Under their most immitigable ban,
The Triumphs of the mind of man,
The marvels of his hand.

No. XXVIII.

Hold !—The well-grained metal shews,—

Cleft in twain, a sample fair.

Yet,—'ere forth the torrent flows,—

Bow, with me, in solemn prayer.

ARRIVED at the critical moment, when the metal,—now in a perfect state of fusion,—is to be admitted, from the upper to the lower chamber of the furnace, to fill the mould ;—an operation of great nicety and danger—The pious master invites his workmen to prayer.

The artist, faithful to national character, and skillful in the disposition of his groups, here exhibits a picture, worthy of his own reputation, and just to the religious feeling of his Countrymen. See Introduction to the Translation.

No. XXIX.

All is hurry, fear, and flight;
Noonday blaze usurps the night.
Down the chains,
From hand to hand,
Flies the buckets, and amain
Hisses on the burning brand.

THE removal of the stopple, which has let loose the metal,—now in a state of fiery fusion,—and sent it.—arching through the orifice at the upper part of the furnace, into the space left vacant, between the core and the mother-piece—naturally suggests the powerful agency of fire. This leads to the poet's animated description of a City in flames, of which the artist avails himself, by connecting the individuals, with whom he has peopled his narrative,—in the general conflagration, and the ruin which ensues : Nor is the Bell

forgotten, which, once more acts a prominent part, in calling together the inhabitants, to assist in subduing the fire. The commotion here represented, by a multiplicity of intricate objects,—a whole population suddenly roused into action,—running and driving from various quarters to the same point ;—composes a picture which required, and has found, a masterly hand. Though all is in confusion, nothing is indistinct. A pleasing effect is produced by the three men in the fore-ground, carrying a ladder, on whose heads we look down from an eminence. This long line,—forming acute angles with several, which run parallel to each other, and cut the picture into sundry compartments,—directs the eye along them, towards the objects, on the middle and distant ground, in a variety of attitudes, and employments : there we see fire-men plying their engines, or hurrying with their buckets ;—Men, Women, Children, and Cattle, all in

helpless consternation,—conspire to render this one of the most remarkable drawings of the whole series. The dispersion of the groups in so many different directions,—the difficult fore-shortening of those, brought into a point-blank view,—and the superficial length of ground, which allows so little room for aërial perspective,—puts us in mind of many of the pictures of Bassan.

Not to fatigue the spectator with too frequent occurrence of the same portraits, the principal persons are, as it were, lost in the crowd ; and reserved for more prominent situations hereafter.

No. XXX.

The living objects of his love
He counts; and blesses Him above,
His dearest wealth is spared.

REDUCED to ruin by the destruction of his property, the father collects his family,—with difficulty saved from the flames,—around the scanty remnant of his effects. He anxiously counts them, and finding none missing, looks up to heaven with gratitude for their preservation. The mother harrassed and fatigued by sorrow and exertion, conceals her own sufferings, to comfort her husband and offspring: one hand she extends to the eldest girl, who clings exhausted to her father's side; with the other she supports the babe slumbering on her lap. The eldest boy grasps his father's hand for protection, and looks back, with curiosity, upon sights to which he is so unaccustomed: while his little brother, still

feels no interest beyond his toy—But the younger girl deserves all attention : she appears to be about eight years old ; and is remarkable for one of those countenances, which manifest a deep and precocious sensibility,—the source of intense misery or joy to those who possess it,—and little enviable at any time, unless regulated by attentive discipline. The object of her present childish sorrow, is the loss of her favourite, the domestic kitten, upon whose carcase her eyes are fixed in profound affliction. If she lives, what will be her sympathy with objects of more rational concern ? It seems to be not without some melancholy cause, that our interest is so pointedly engaged for the fate of that lovely child.

No. XXXI.

In the dark lap of mother earth
His handiwork the craftsman lays:
The sower sows his seeds, and prays
For blessing, which to second birth,
The embrio plant may raise.

THIS is one of those fine transitions,—“*tenues parvi discriminis umbræ*”—which have been alluded to in the Introduction to this Analysis. The connecting link of the chain,—the subtle-joint, by which this portion is blended into the whole Mosaic work,—may be thus investigated. The Bell, having now assumed its shape in the mould, remains for a time buried in the pit, which was dug for its reception; and is hereafter to be raised to a more elevated station: like a vegetable seed, sown in the ground, but afterwards to spring into a flower: that seed again, resembles another and

a far more precious one—the human body, which is “sown in corruption,” but “raised in incorruption.” The analogy becomes still closer when we are reminded by the poet ;

“ Ere it rise,—the unmantled Bell
Must cast of its shattered Shell”—

That is, we must “shuffle off this mortal coil,” just as the mould is broken away from the metal, before it can be elevated from the ground. With this key we may proceed to the survey of the objects before us. In the foreground is the sower ; in the middle space, on each side, are the ploughmen raising furrows for the reception of the seed : the attention of him on the right side, is called to what is going on in the distance : and there we find the *Antitype*. The Bell tolls for a funeral ; the gate of the Cemetary stands open to receive a procession of mourners, who are about to commit to the earth—“the seed sown in corruption.” To mark the season of

the year, in allusion to the Autumn of human life, a tree is shedding "the sere, the yellow leaf" which strews the ground in the direction of that sad array.

No. XXXII.

Ah ! 'tis She—the Mother dear
Sleeps upon her sable bier :
'Tis the tender consort torn,
From her Husband's arms forlorn ;
From the lovely brood she bare,
On her bosom flowering fair,—&c.

THE metaphor drawn from the burial and resurrection of the dead, suggested by the sower, nicely rivets the chain, by which the Bell is once more attached, through its offices to the lot of man. It is now tolling for a funeral. The same melancholy train which was lately seen, indistinctly winding in the

distance, now prominently occupies the foreground of the picture : but how much more is our interest raised, when we find that “the pilgrim on the latest way” is no other than the careful housewife,—the tender mother, whom we have admired and loved so long ! She has apparently sunk under accumulated misfortunes,—the ruin of her husband,—perhaps the loss of some of her children,—to an untimely grave. The Church service concluded : The coffin is borne to the burial-ground, followed by the widower and his motherless offspring. Among them we miss the little girl, whose melancholy features we have already noticed : and it would seem, by a circumstance, which will hereafter occur, that the artist, ever attentive to the progressive interest of his tale, has aggravated the distress of the present scene, by the loss of a favourite child, whom we may suppose to have fallen a victim to a nervous temperament ; and thus, perhaps, accelerated the death of her

mother. But the most striking object is the chief mourner : his hat drawn deep over his forehead,—his eyes rivetted to the ground ; —heedless of all the anxious faces which are turned towards him—we can scarcely trace, through the deep indented furrows of grief and premature old age, a single feature of the man, whom we lately saw in all the pride and vanity of wealth, defying every reverse of fortune. Far different are his thoughts now : ruminating on his former impiety, to which he ascribes his present loss—the bitterest of all—and calling to mind the destitution of his little ones,—he may be imagined to give vent to his remorse in the words of one as grievously smitten.—

“ My Children too !

“ They were all struck for thee—

“ Nought that I am !

“ Not for their own demerits—but for mine.”

The path over which the funeral moves, winds

among grave-stones in different stages of decay, towards the open grave in the distance ; where, to keep up the typical allusion, the sower and the plough-man are still visible. The horizon is closed by the setting sun, which casts a glory round the Crucifix, elevated in front of the bier, and illuminates the whole picture ; reminding us, that Death is swallowed up in the victory of the Cross.

No. XXXIII.

Cheerly through the green wood now,
His homeward path the traveller holds ;
And to their wonted stalls and folds
Sleek beeves with broad and open brow,
And bleating weanlings throng.

ONE episode succeeds another. This, and the three following plates, present various objects in different situations, descriptive of the close

of an autumnal day. The idea by which these descriptions are combined with the general subject is this : The Master-founder still discoursing with his labourers, tells them, that whilst the Bell,—now completed in the mould, must be allowed time to cool,—before it can be disengaged—evening is already come. He exhorts his young men to enjoy the interval in some wholesome relaxation, or in attendance at evening prayer. He, however, remains behind, and pursues awhile, his meditations alone. The picture before us forms part of his soliloquy, and affords opportunity for the display of great skill in producing a rural scene, highly characteristic, of the country where it is laid. The Cattle returning from their pasture on the common lands belonging to some close or fortified town,—is collected together in numbers, so naturally grouped, and so correctly delineated, that they compose altogether, a paysage worthy of a Berghem,

or a Paul Potter.—See Introduction to the Translation. It needs no comment to enhance the beauty of this picture; unless, to remark the anxiety with which the main object is kept in view. In the small section of a Church Tower, on the right, we observe a Bell ringing for vespers. This memento is repeated in the three successive Outlines.

No. XXXIV.

Beneath its cumbrous load of grain
Heavily reels the creaking wain;
Whose sheaves with motley garlands crown'd
The jocund reapers dance around;
And hail with harvest song.

THE celebration of harvest home affords little, or no opportunity for the display of any picturesque novelty: the general character of rural mirth, is common to all countries in

every age; and if any distinctive features exist, they are to be traced in the intellectual, rather than the moral habits of a people; and somewhat, also, in the national costume. Both are here remarkable: the braided hair and bodices of the German women, and the jaunty caps and jackets of the men, are not more characteristic of their personal appearance, than their passion for music and dancing is of their national taste.

The less graceful traits of conviviality, are much to the credit of the artist,—rather qualified than caricatured,—softened by distance, or altogether banished from the horizon—We have little of the coarseness of Teniers, and nothing of the grimace of Hogarth, or Ostadè. Far be it from us, to disparage either of these great masters,—and least of all our own inimitable countryman—but grace—the especial attribute of Retzsch,—belongs not to *them*. Here the cup and flagon

though liberally plied,—are unattended with riot : the maiden holding the garland, is pledged at a becoming distance ; and the tobacco pipe — so well is the chronology chosen — kept altogether out of view. — See Introduction to the Analysis. — But the band of music occupies, as it ought to do, a conspicuous place ; and might, with equal propriety, have harmonized with a chorus of voices singing in parts, as accurately as at a studied Concert in our country—here, however, it is confined to the accompaniment of a waltz ; not indeed without exciting some disposition to gallantry of rather a boisterous kind : it is however happily contrasted, by the sober, though lively deportment of the rest of the assembly. The execution of this Outline is not inferior to its conception. On a superficial plane of about sixty-three inches,—representing a perspective area of perhaps as many furlongs in circumference,—room has been

found for no less than fourteen distinct groups, in a great variety of attitudes, all nearly in contact with each other, yet perfectly well defined. This observation applies equally, to many of the previous, as well as subsequent numbers ;—a proof of masterly drawing :—while the frequent intervention of quieter subjects shews no less skill in the ceaseless production of contrast and variety,

No. XXXV.

Street and market-cross grow still ;
And jarring on its hinges shrill.
The City-gate is heard to close,
And where yon social taper glows,
The calm home-dwellers meet.

THE description of evening is now varied by shifting the scene to the interior of a City;—

not such as we islanders are accustomed to,—who, for the most part inhabit open towns, villages, or country mansions;—but such as presents objects strange to all, but our continental travellers.

A broad open space,—generally in the centre of some principal street,—and ornamented by a statue or fountain,—is surrounded by handsome buildings,—the town-hall and several Churches, with here and there an image, are the most conspicuous,—all is still : no signs of activity apparent ; except in the orderly preparations for the approach of night. The watch-man, with his dog and horn on one side, and the night-patrol on the other, are beginning their respective rounds : a centinal mounts guard at the gate, which is flanked by turrets in the wall, and which the porter is about to bar. The shutters, are fastened far and near ; and through a window, which an apprentice-lad is in the act of closing,

we observe a family party conversing sociably by candle-light.

In the fore-ground, is an old physician, on his way to a patient, cautiously conducted by his famulus, as he is called, that is, domestic, companion, and medical assistant, all in one : He holds a lantern before his master, and by his trustworthy appearance, seems to justify the confidence with which he is honoured.

No. XXXVI.

Gentle Peace! Sweet Harmony!

O! be this your sanctuary.

Hover, hover o'er this Town,

Trampling march of martial sally

Ne'er invade this tranquil valley.

THESE words are the commencement of an eloquent and affecting invocation, doubtless, suggested to the poet, no less by his own

experience of the horrors of war, than by the train of ideas, more immediately flowing from the present subject. He had been contemplating the blessings of a peaceful evening in a well ordered City, and his reverence, for the civil institutions of his country breaks out into this apostrophe, which he puts into the mouth of his Master-founder, while meditating over his labours in the cool of the evening. *Here* the Soliloquy is transferred to another speaker ;—a creature of our artist's own imagination. He supposes that a Hermit, inhabiting a cell on the summit of a mountain, which overlooks the valley and town before us,—alarmed by a fore-boding dream, throws himself upon his knees, and with out-stretched arms invokes the spirit of Peace, and deprecates his flight. The Introduction of this new interlocutor forms another episode, foreign to the subject matter of the poem, but exceedingly appropriate and necessary to its graphic illustration.

To elevate the importance of this personage, he is made a Seer, as well as an Anchorite,—realizing the romantic wish of our great Milton.

“ May my weary age

“ Find out the peaceful Hermitage,

“ The hairy gown and mossy cell,

“ Where I may sit and rightly spell

“ Of every star that heaven doth shew,

“ And every herb that sips the dew ;

“ Till old experience do attain

“ To something like prophetic strain.”

This we collect from the hideous vision hovering over his head,—of armies in the air, skeletons mounted upon antediluvian monsters, led on by the pale horse of the Apocalypse,—while the Angel, bearing the palm of Peace flies before them, and casting a pitiful look upon the earth, seems to take a long farewell. The general contour and drapery of the principal figure, remind us of some of Spagnioletti's, old men, particularly in the

minute delineation of age, visible in the
turgid veins of the hands, and the knotty
joints of the fingers.

No. XXXVII.

Woe to the Land in whose still breast

Sedition fans the lurking flame :

When, by no rule of Right repress

The Many self-dominion claim.

A PLOT against the government, now ripe for
explosion, justifies the apprehensions of the
Hermit ; and forcibly and fearfully does the
Artist embody the hideous thought of Rebel-
lion, in human shapes and features of the
meanest and most ferocious cast. The Con-
spirators are assembled in a vault or cellar,
for the better concealment of their treason.
One of their demagogues mounts the table, to
harrangue his Confederates : and grasping his

weapon, points to the statue of the King, which is seen at a distance through the grated window, — A still more desperate ruffian, opposite to him, vociferously responds to this appeal, by holding up his dagger, and giving vent to a torrent of execrations : another seated at his feet, turns towards him, with an air of encouragement, and insolently tramples upon a royal edict. The rest shew their zeal by rudely seizing the arms, which are brought in, and swearing to devote their lives to the conspiracy. It is observable that no fire-arms are introduced—See Introduction to the Analysis. The general expression of this picture is savage cruelty, and senseless clamour ; but here and there it is relieved by the presence of some aged persons of a graver character, whose thoughtful countenances betray doubt and misgiving : but the chief figure is very remarkable. To the brutal expression of his face and figure—

a mixture of malignity and low cunning—is added an idiotical squint, as if to convey a censure upon that blind and degrading infatuation which subjects a mighty people to the control of the coarsest and most senseless agitators. His whole figure is a personification of jacobinism, a villainous compound of the radical and the carmagnot.—

“Condorcet filtered through the dregs of Payne.”

No. XXXVIII.

Then fiercely swung with frenzied hand
To arms! the peace-devoted Bell
Sounds an alarm—and frights the land,
Ill tuned to War's discordant yell.

THE threatened insurrection has at last broken out in all the violence of a sanguinary Massacre. The scene of this catastrophe is the open place in front of the Town-hall; Part

of the mob is employed in hurling a kingly statue, from its pedestal ; part in disecrating the Churches, and murdering the priests—the state officers and magistrates, surprised at their different departments, are made prisoners, thrown from the windows, or seen making their escape over the roofs of houses ; some having taken arms, are beat down and assassinated with the mounted guard ; others are poignarded by infuriated women, or hang suspended to the lamp-posts. There is no appearance of fire-arms on either side At a distance on the left, a company of spearmen is sallying through the gateway of the arsenal, and immediately under, is a man armed with a cross-bow. See Introduction. A flight of carrion-crows has displaced the peaccable stork, and settling on the gables and pinacles of the houses, clamour for their expected prey. To comprise, all this variety of incidents, the point of sight has been neccessarily taken

from a very elevated position : this creates the unpleasing effect of looking down upon objects fore-shortened and diminished to an almost insignificant size. But it is,—as Mr. Retzsch tells us,—done intentionally to avoid fatiguing his spectators by a repetition of plates, which would otherwise have been necessary for the developement of his subject.

The expedient answers the purpose in view ; but we are far less grateful to the distinguished artist for his consideration of our patience, than we should have been by the exercise of his more legitimate skill, had he thought fit to multiply specimens, of which we are never tired. What an opportunity would this have been for a display of his fine architectural drawing, had he given us the façade instead of the roof of his ancient Town-hall ! and how much more should we have been delighted, by the marked expression of larger masses, than by the somewhat map-like effect

of so many diminutive lines scattered over a wide surface ! An attempt of this kind has been made by a very deserving and popular English painter in treating subjects of a like comprehensive nature ; which, however admirable for their manual execution, appear to have been conceived, on mistaken principles of art : It is like applying the diminishing, instead of the magnifying lens of a telescope ; and the result is, a representation of space and atmosphere, rather than of the action meant to be described—a portrait of Infinity !

The greatest Masters have exactly reversed this principle : Raphael, for example, in his Cartoons, limits his subject, to some particular action : *simplex dunlaxat et unum* : and then represents it generally, by one or more commanding groups, with the predominant figure placed in a conspicuous point of view :—and to these groups he allots the largest portion,—perhaps two-thirds of the whole picture,—compressing

all the collateral details into a very moderate compass. Suppose him, on the contrary, to have treated such a subject, as Paul Preaching at Athens, on a scale of perspective, infinitely dis-proportioned to the room occupied by the action ; what would the consequence have been ? —An interminable view of Attica, taken from the summit of the Acropolis, looking down upon the Hill of Mars, with all its temples, monuments, and statues ; including the Apostle and his Disciples, dwindled into pigmies,—beyond which we should have had a Chart of the Archipelago, —with its islands in the distance ; and the intermediate space, dotted with little models of the Munychia and the Piræus :—

“ The Fishermen,

“ Like mice, and the tall anchoring bark,

“ Diminished to her cock, her cock a buoy.

But we have travelled beyond our limits, and must contract our own horizon.

No. XXXIX.

Ply the pulley,—stretch the rope ;
And to the realms of vocal air—
Heave we the Bell !

THE work now completed, issues—as the Poet, says,—like a metallic kernel from its shell ; or a planet from the coil of parting clouds,—to feed the eye and glad the heart of all beholders. The master ever assiduous at his business, is now carefully directing the labourers above, who have fastened the bell to the crane, by which it is to be hoisted to the Belfry : one of them is ascending the ladder, to bear his orders to the rest.

The groups, on either side, consist of dignified persons, who are admitted to a nearer view of this master-piece of his art : They are of different degrees : On the right, is a Prince or Nobleman—the patron of the district,—with his family:

on the left, the Burgomaster and inferior Magistrates. This denotes the importance of the spectacle ; while the multitude may be supposed to be waiting without, impatient for a sight to be hailed with universal acclamation. Meantime we have now leisure to examine more closely, the various decorations, most of which have already been emblematically sketched, as images floating in the poet's mind. In addition to these, a segment of the shield bearing the civic arms, is now visible : and the motto which Schiller has prefixed to his poem, runs round the circumference :—" Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulmina frango," a Monastic rhyme, which may be thus almost literally translated

I call the quick ; the dead bewail ;

And the dread lightning countervail.

The ornamental loop at the top of the Bell, by which it is hooked to the pulley, is technically called the *ear* ; in German, the *helmet*. The foreground is skilfully broken by the scattered

fragments of the mould, a portion of the scaffolding, and the tools, which lie in disorder.

No. XL.

Joy to this City! Peace and weal!

Be this it's first, and foremost peal.

SUCH is the concluding wish of the Lay ; and what a multitude of images, have these few words conjured up !

“ As thick and numberless

“ As the gay notes that people the sunbeams.”

Thus we are, once more, hurried from scene to scene,—in medias res haud secus ac notas,—and unexpectedly made spectators of a popular solemnity, the cause of which is not immediately obvious : But if we compare this holiday appearance with the uproar lately described, we begin to perceive the connection of one with the other. The delusion of the public mind

has past away, and order succeeded to Anarchy. The latter was amply suggested by the poet—the former left to futurity—a thing still to be prayed for. Schiller wrote in the midst of the Revolutionary War; his illustrator happily pursues the sequel to an epoch of profound peace: and, thus, anticipating the words, which seasonably closed the subject, as it then stood; has reserved another passage for the termination of his outlines,—as we shall see,—more applicable to the present state of things. The execution of this idea is equal to its conception. The Bell, now engaged in one of its most auspicious duties, calls together the Authorities of the City, lately in a state of Insurrection, to a solemn Thanksgiving, —for the return of Peace. Through a long-line of halbardiers, they are proceeding to the Cathedral. The head of the procession has already penetrated into the Chancel. We might almost fancy it in real motion, so correct is the perspective, from one end to the other,

as far as it is visible. The priests are followed by a train of young women, with flowing hair, crowned with garlands, and bearing palm-branches : next, march the elders of the City, in their ermine robes and chains ; and the pomp,—not yet closed,—is intercepted from our view by the projecting corner of the buildings, on the left. From that point, to the distant objects in the centre, the prospect is varied by groups, gradually diminishing; some looking down from windows,—others collected in the streets,—a-foot or on horse-back. The architecture and general disposition of the dwellings, bring back many pleasing recollections to the mind of the traveller : and it is remarkable, that of the Four Pictures, which represent processions, all are equally striking ; and none alike.

No. XLI.

Aloft, in pride of place, and far
O'er Earth's low dwellings shall it rise ;
With the red bolt and rolling star,
Co-tenant of the boundless skies.

IN one of the earlier numbers, we have seen an elevation, representing a Church-tower, with its Belfry ; such as might be supposed to have been, at that time, faintly shadowed, like first thought, in the poet's mind. It now stands in a substantial form before us, containing the Bell itself, towering amid the Clouds, and looking down upon the dwellings of men, which lie many a fathom below at its base, enveloped in the shades of night. The stars of heaven are beaming upon it,—and the lightnings playing about its pinnacles. To elevate the principal object to this conspicuous point of view, it was necessary to abridge the rest of the build-

ing. All we see is the upper portion, from the highest turret to part of the pediment, which forms the frontispiece of the Cathedral. The perfect or equilateral arch, with its Spandrels, Crockets and Corbells and, above all, the circular rose du portail, denote the second æra of pointed architecture, which prevailed from the middle of the twelfth to about the end of the fifteenth Century. This epoch, it is necessary to bear in mind, because it partly serves to reconcile, the date which—it will be remembered,—has been assumed, for the costume and other particulars, belonging to these outlines. We proceed, now to notice a new set of symbolical devices,—which form the relievos of this ecclesiastical structure.

The triangular pediment at the bottom, is adorned with the representation of the Day of Judgement. On the right and left, towards the centre, two Archangels are blowing their trumpets, which awake the dead on either side ;

—those on the right, to the Resurrection of the Just made perfect ;—those to the left, to the Resurrection of Condemnation. Michael and Lucifer are contending, in the middle, for the soul of man, which is symbolized by the figure of Psyche, and upon which the beams of reconciled Justice are streaming from above. In front of the topmost turret, on a pedestal, which surmounts the belfry, stands the statue of the Redeemer—at his feet are angels in adoration—in his hand is the Standard of Victory.

The whole conveys this meaning : — That through the Death of the Cross,—Life and Immortality are brought to light by Him, to whom all dominion is given.

No. XLII.

A voice as of the host on high,
That—shrin'd in every starry sphere ;—
Hosannah to their Maker cry,
And lead in dance the circling year.

THE same Allegory of the Seasons, which made part of the prologue or Frontispiece to these Outlines—now returns, at the close of the Cycle.

Time has fulfilled its destined round ; and hastes to bring this History, like every other earthly thing, to a conclusion. In comparing the present group with the first of the series, we find, not only that the Seasons have dismissed their allegorical companions, who represented the Changes and Chances of Mortal Life ; but that they themselves present rather a different appearance. In the former plate—they wore a sort of radiated Coronet ;—here, from their respective attributes, they seem

more directly to personate—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter; the latter being distinguished by ample drapery blown about by the winds. This difference may be accounted for, by the ambiguity with which these personages are mentioned in Heathen Mythology: by the Latin poets they are simply called by the names here translated into English; but the Greeks reduce their number generally to three; and bestow upon them a lofty genealogy and high sounding names: according to some, they are the Daughters of Jupiter and Themis, and named Eunomia, Dice, and Eirene—this accounts for their coronets. Others mention only two; Carpo and Thalote.

Our artist therefore is well warranted in assigning to them, whichever number and character best suits his purpose; and he appears to have used his option not without good reason and knowledge of the subject:

for in the former instance, where the seasons are joined hand in hand with Peace, and Discord, Mirth, and Sorrow, he attributes to them their proper moral association with those impersonated qualities, thus severally alluding to their names, which he borrows;—though he mentions them not in his remarks—from the *Theogony* of Hesiod; whereas in this latter instance, where they are no longer ostensibly coupled with these associates, and seem more immediately related to Time in its physical effects upon the universe,—he confers upon them the mere temporal names and attributes taken from the *Fasti* and *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, or from other Roman writers. By this means he not only adheres closely to the meaning of Schiller, but cleverly introduces some novelties of his own. Thus the signs of the Zodiac, over which the Seasons are hovering,—or in whose orbit rather, they appear to revolve,—allude to the

imaginary music of the spheres, and beautifully elucidate a passage in the Lay, which it seems has excited some criticism. See the motto to this number, and Note p. 104—at the end of the volume.

The colossal head of Time looking down upon the globe,—with hair and beard streaming through an infinity of space,—is farther characterized as the origin and end of all things; by the emblem of a star springing into existence on his right hand,—and on his left by that of a world in flames.

No. XLIII.

And as the mightiest sound, that thrills
The throbbing ear, dissolves away ;
So may it teach us, all that fills
This earthly round, must needs decay.

THESE words, though they occur a little earlier in the Lay, have been discretely reserved for the last impressive picture which closes the History of the Bell: nor could they have been more feelingly applied, than to the final dissolution of the object, from which the poem derives its title. Age after age, must now be supposed to have past away, since the formation of the Bell; and many another, since its fall from the lofty station, to which we saw it elevated, have elapsed; to witness its gradual decay, among the ruins, where it now lies low. One half only of its circle is visible,—and that so

deeply imbedded,—so overgrown with sedges in the swampy ground,—so shattered and defaced, that we can scarcely recognize it for the same, except by some faint traces of the ornaments, which were once its pride: among them is one not yet noticed:—the medallion of its distinguished Founder,—who has amused us so long by eloquently discanting upon its praise. All the purposes of which he boasted in its monastic inscription have long been at an end: its chief attribute “the concord of sweet sounds” is no more;—a crack extending through the centre has annulled its very name, and silenced its harmony for ever.

Wherever we turn our eyes, they encounter nought but ruin and desolation. The whole country has become a desert: The Oak, which had defied the storms of many a century,—now withered and hollow with age, lies prostrated by the last faint breeze

which has consummated its fall. The feudal Castle, which crowned the hill, the town,—the Cathedral itself—the awe, and wonder of innumerable generations, lies level with the ground, and scarcely redeems from oblivion the site whereon it stood,—by the reliques of its by-gone glory. Still more forcibly, to impress upon our minds the transitory nature of all things earthly,—we are, moreover, reminded of that hereafter, when not only

“The great Globe itself

“Yea all that it inherits, shall dissolve”

But when Time itself shall be no more.

These awful truths are conveyed by two distinct symbols: on the right,—is the fragment of a pillar whose capital rests upon a globe supported on the shoulders of Atlas—himself a ruin. On the left,—is the effigy of Saturn, the mythological name of Time,—the point of his destructive scythe

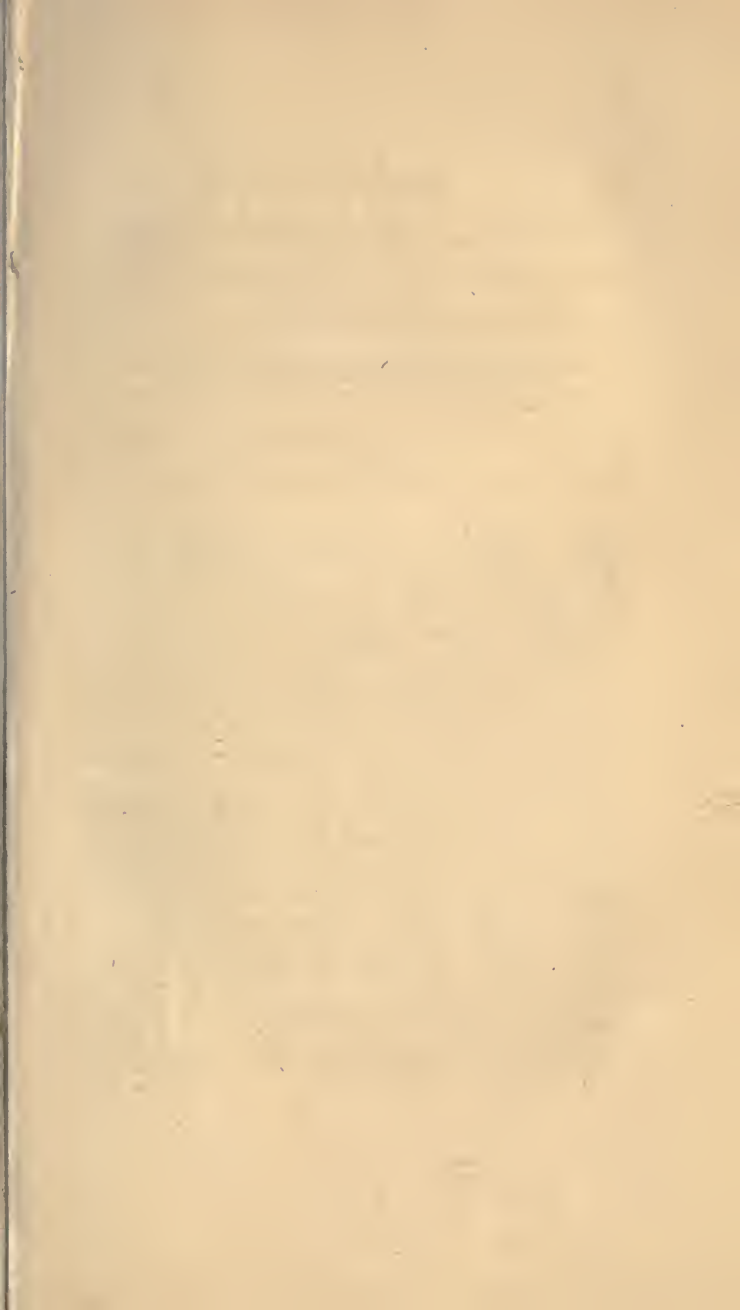
is broken, and his own devouring jaws corroded and defaced—*Etiam periere ruinæ*: the very monuments of the dead, — frail guardians of those who have long mouldered into dust,—have survived only to undergo a more tardy dissolution ; but there is one among them which strikingly arrests our attention, and is made the vehicle of a fine moral. It is the monument of a woman with an infant in her arms, and a girl seemingly *about eight years old* at her side.

In the mother we cannot fail to recognize the image of the matron, — upon whose worth we have dwelled with such interest ; and whose untimely death has already been the theme of our sorrow. She may be supposed to have died in child-birth with the babe she holds to her bosom : the elder child is the same, whose *expressive countenance was* remarked among the group collected together, after the memorable fire :

we missed her at the funeral ; and our apprehensions are now confirmed : that she preceded her mother to the grave. But where is the father ? Is there no memorial of him who boasted that his fame should endure for ever ? We took leave of him at the burial,—we searched for him among the defenders of his country, at the Insurrection, — and again among her honourable men engaged in thanksgiving at the return of Peace. In vain !—the worldly man was absent, or had perished in the service of Mammon. Once we saw him flourishing like a green bay tree—we seek him now,—but his place cannot be found ; he is gone, and all his thoughts have perished ! not so the memory of the righteous—the cherished traces of his virtuous unpretending wife, and innocent children are discernable to the last, their fame blossoms in the valley of the shadow of death,—and the medallion of the pious

craftsman,—surviving the ruins of his handiwork, is made coeval with the end of time.

With this affecting lesson, we close the Analysis, and trust that the moments bestowed upon it, have not past away without leaving behind some salutary impressions, however mingled with others of a more trivial cast.



INTRODUCTION

TO THE TRANSLATION.

THE following attempt to translate what has been perhaps too hastily pronounced untranslatable into English verse, originated in a wish to produce something more in the spirit of the original, than can be conveyed by a translation in prose, which had been suggested as the only alternative. The present Translator,—far from presuming to make light of such a task,—desires, on the contrary to manifest his sense of its difficulty: and therefore,—partly as authority which may entitle him to some allowance for its execution—begs leave to introduce it by a passage

from *Me. de Staël's*, Germany; which will serve at the same time—more agreeably, than by any preface of his own,—still farther to elucidate the subject. These are her words : “ *La piece de vers intitulée La Cloche, consiste en deux parties parfaitement distinctes : les strophes en refrain expriment le travail qui se fait dans la forge, et entre chacune de ces strophes il y a des vers ravissans sur les circonstances solennelles, ou sur les evenemens extraordinaires annoncés par les cloches, tels que la naissance,—le mariage,—la mort, l’incendie, la revolte, &c. On pourrait traduire en Français les pensées fortes, les images belles et touchantes qu’inspirent à Schiller les grandes époques de la destinée humaine. Mais il est impossible d’imiter noblement les strophes et les petits vers, et compoës de mots dont le son bizarre et préûpité, semble faire entendre les coups redoublés et les pas rapides des* ”

ouvriers qui dirigent la lave brûlante de l'airain. Pent-on avoir l'idée d'un poème de ce genre, par une traduction en prose ? c'est lire la musique que au lieu de l'entendre : encore est il plus aisé de se figurer par l'imagination, l'effet des instruments qui l'on connaît, que les accords et les contrastes d'un rythme et d'une langue qu'on ignore : tantôt la brièveté régulière du mètre fait sentir l'activité des forgerons, l'énergie bornée mais continue, qui s'exerce dans les occupations matérielles, et tantôt, à côté de ce bruit dur et fort, l'on entend les chants aériens de l'enthousiasme et de la mélancolie. L'originalité de ce poème est perdue, quand on le sépare de l'impression que produisent une mesure de vers habilement choisie, et des rimes qui se répondent comme des échos intelligents que la pensée modifie ; et cependant ces effets pittoresques des sons seraient très-hazardés en Français.

“L’ignoble nous menace sans cesse : nous n’avons pas, comme presque tous les autres peuples, deux langues ; celle de la prose et celle des vers : et il en est des mots comme des personnes, là où les rangs sont confondus, la familiarité est dangereuse.”

This is cited as a very profound and sagacious critique ; which though, particularly applied to the French Language, is, in one instance, at least, equally applicable to our own : for with all its acknowledged analogy to the German it offers no security against that familiarity, which according to the adage breeds contempt.

With us there are rhymes and phrases, which, because they have been used on mean and ordinary occasions, have conventionally acquired a character of vulgarity : or to pursue Me. de Staël’s metaphor,—they have kept bad company,—are convicted of having been too familiar with farce, — low satire and

plebeian song,—to be presented in the circles of politer verse.

Such a confusion of ranks in metrical society would produce much the same effect, as the intrusion of a clown or merry-andrew in the midst of an aristocratic assembly.

The English ear is most sensibly alive to these associations; nay refined to such an excess of fastidiousness, that it is by no means uncommon for readers, not otherwise severe, to lay in wait for opportunities to indulge a feeling of the ridiculous, not always warranted by sound criticism.

The Germans appear to be comparatively exempt from this unenviable propensity: their often recurring rhymes,—however associated with the ideas of mechanism and technicality—create no mean or ludicrous impressions: and hence frequently arises the necessity of seeking refuge in a variety of expedients to avoid the bathos. But the

well of English lore is inexhaustible in such resources.

Sunt verba et voces quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et magnam morbi depellere partem.

But, besides the difficulty of reconciling two conflicting idioms; there is another, which the lively Baroness,—casting, as usual, a rapid, but exceedingly acute glance over the surface of her subject,—has left unnoticed. There is in the original poem, an interest inherent in itself, and exclusively national:—a subtle gas which sparkles at the fountain-head, but evaporates in the process of transfusion:—For example In Germany,—especially in the mining districts,—the casting of a Bell is looked upon with almost superstitious veneration:—the ceremony of baptising it, is announced with great solemnity:—advertisements are officially published, and a feast celebrated with much rejoicing, in the open air. These are reminiscences which cannot come home to English readers.

Then in the treatment of the subject, there is an earnest and contemplative style, which to some of us, may appear ill placed or even fanatical. But let it be remembered that this poem was primarily addressed to a grave, deep-thinking, and highly imaginative people, to whom we are no less indebted for the progress of every art and science, than for many a noble struggle in the cause of political freedom and religious truth :—that in the daily and ordinary exercise of their duties, whether in domestic, social, or commercial life, they practice, in the strictest degree, the principles of sound economy, benevolence and devotion; attaching the utmost importance not only to the result of every action, but to the motive which prompts, and the means by which it is accomplished. Again,—there are in this truly national composition,—allusions to habits and manners very familiar and captivating to a native ; — but to a foreigner, comparatively

strange and indifferent; such as the custom among German youths of the middle class—of travelling abroad to qualify themselves for their future avocations at home:—the assembling of a rural population, into close towns, —frequently fortified: the consequent depasturing of Cattle—belonging to a whole township, under the care of deputed herdsmen; — and, the consignment of agricultural property, to the vigilance of a municipal police.

All these must be borne in mind, as so many circumstances, to which may be ascribed much of the charm of a subject—so popular, and, therefore, so well chosen, in the poet's fatherland; an advantage from which the translator is debarred, — but which to Schiller was the source at once of inspiration and success.

Neither must we forget the period at which this great poet flourished; nor the patriotic excitement under which he wrote. Frederick von Schiller was born 1759, at Marbach, in

Württemberg; and died at Weimar, May 9, 1805. He published this poem five years before his decease:—an eventful era in the history of continental Europe;—comprising most of those revolutionary horrors, to which, at the latter end of his Lay, he alludes with such striking emphasis, and deprecates with such affecting pathos.

That the present Translator has been anticipated in his attempt to do justice to these splendid topics, has stimulated, rather than discouraged him from descending into the arena, where the prize, however ably contested, seems not yet to have been finally adjudged: for, whether from the causes above stated, or any other, the attention of English readers has not been attracted to this master-piece of German Lyric Verse, in any degree adequate to its merit.

It becomes no writer to criticise the labours of his competitors:—sufficient if he be allowed to explain his own. All then that need be added

in relation, particularly to the first of the following specimens, is an apology for having too long exercised the reader's patience in preparing him for its inspection. It remains only to conclude with a few remarks generally applicable to them all.

Without pretending to develop a theory, in which there is nothing new, since the dissertations on *Mètre* and *Metrical Translation* scattered through the works of Southey and Coleridge; it will be quite enough to state his own object, and the means by which he has endeavoured to effect it. His design has been to communicate to the ear, as well as the mind, a just conception, not only of the thoughts and structure, but, — if the expression may be allowed, — the very tune of these lyric compositions: so that they might almost be sung to the same air, or chanted to the same recitative. This has been attempted, not by a version word for word, or line for line, but by an adherence

as strict as possible to the rhythm, pause, and cadence of the several metres ; preserving at the same time the characteristic meaning of every phrase, whether amplified or compressed : sometimes by periphrasis, and sometimes by the substitution of some equivalent word or idea, for one which has been thought less spirited or graceful when literally translated. To exemplify this method by reference to a sister art, it is by means analogous to these, that the skilful musician adapts words to a new or foreign melody, not,—as is too often practised—by constraining them within the compass of notes unequal in time and punctuation—“ With Midas’ ear committing short and long ” but by adjusting one to the other, so that both may fall, with proper ictus, bar by bar, within the same measure : a result which cannot be better illustrated than by the learned adaptations of the late Dr. Callcott, and by the genius which breathes in the “ Irish Melodies ” of Moore.

It has been observed long ago—and later commentators have added little or nothing to the maxim—that a Translator should aim at no less than those results, which his author might be imagined to produce, had he written in the same language : and, doubtless, the greatest success has ever crowned the efforts of those, who have proposed to themselves this, the most legitimate and highest possible standard of excellence.

Such were the productions of our earlier translators from Gawin Douglas to Chapman, Fairfax and Dryden : Such in our own age, and that immediately preceding it, the two vigorous parodies of Johnson, the pointed sting and concentrated terseness of ancient satire, transmitted by Gifford, and the looser, but not less animated versions of Coleridge and Scott : the former reminding us of echos, reverberated from rock to rock, and gradually mellowed in the distance:—the latter resembling

the single cord, correctly caught by one viol from another, and faithfully returned,—with all the magic of *Æolian* tones,—through the medium of air—

“ Sweet air—

“ More tuneable than lark to Shepherd’s ear,

“ When wheat is green and hawthorn-buds appear.

From these great masters,—and others, might have been cited,—it is but just, to turn for a moment to those distinguished foreigners, who, at this day, are mutually, inspiring and imbibing a similar spirit. Voss before whose hexameters — with reverence be it spoken—the blank verse of Cowper—and even the graceful couplets of Pope, — sink into comparative insignificance. — Uhland who from some of our favourite ballads has caught a genuine inspiration, not less liberally effused in his original poems :— and William Augustus Schlegel,

who emancipating his countrymen, from the prose of Wieland and Eschenburg,—has presented them with a complete Metrical Translation of Shakspeare's Plays! Nor is England less indebted to him for that glorious literary monument, whose mimic tracery twines and intertangles the foliage of the British with the German Oak, to enshrine the relics of our most venerated Bard.

All these,—whether native or foreign, early or modern,—though varying occasionally from the letter, have always retained the spirit, and invested themselves in the mantle of their immortal prototypes.

With such masterly examples, and with a language fertile in every resource to be found in strength, sweetness and pliability, the necessity at least, if not the danger, of sacrificing sense to metre, may, without presumption, be disputed. The editor of

these Translations, is not vain enough to trust the issue of the question to the precarious test of his own endeavours ; though it would be mere affectation to deny that he is willing to hazard some reputation on the experiment.

But whatever, otherwise, may be the success of these "Specimens" no inconsiderable end will be obtained, if, by some novelty in their arrangement, as part of a treatise only, they should stimulate others to the practice of Verse Translation, upon principles long established, and after models far superior to his own.

Without this, we may indeed cultivate the daily widening field of German literature in this country;—we may laboriously trench the ground, and lay ~~out~~ large plantations, to degenerate in our soil ; but we shall not naturalize a single flower.



SPECIMENS
OF
German Lyric Poetry,
IN
A SERIES OF TRANSLATIONS.

Daylesford ! once more thy wandering minstrel
—*thine*

By right of suit and service duly paid
For now some thrice ten years—returns to braid
Another chaplet for thy rural shrine,
With tendrils gather'd from their native vine :
Where,—not forgetful of thy lovelier glade,
Thy gentler stream, sweet Evenlode !—he strayed
By rock-built towers, that crown the mighty
Rhine.—

What though Time's wintery touch hath some-
what marr'd
His minstrel craft, and rudely here and there
Jangled the tuneful chime; yet not so jarr'd,
But that it still the wonted meed shall bear ; —
An echo from that land so fam'd and fair,—
A whisper caught from her immortal Bard;
Making mysterious music in the air,
Like bell-notes warbling faint and far away—
Far as from Schiller's grave—a monitory lay.

The Lay of the Bell.



FROM SCHILLER.



The Lay of the Bell,

FROM SCHILLER.

Lo ! the mould of well-bak'd clay—
Close immur'd,—on earth doth stand.
Up !—we cast the Bell to day,
Up ! my comrades, lay to hand.
On the brow of toil
Must the sweat-drops, boil :
Fame the master-work shall crown—
Blessing from above comes down.

The work with earnest care beginning
'Tis meet that earnest words attend.
That gentle speech on labour winning
May speed it to a cheerful end,

Then ply with heed, and pious warning
What man's mere strength would bring to nought:
The losel earns no meed but scorning,
Who reeks not what his hands have wrought.
For this was man with reason gifted,
That he might search and understand;
Then most adorn'd, when heaven-ward lifted
The heart directs the labouring hand.

Piles of seasoned pine-brands rear,
Till the flame, through froth and foam
Self-concenter'd sharp and sheer
To the smouldering flue strike home.
In the coppery broth
Let the white tin froth,
That the plastic Ore may swell
To a right well-metal'd Bell.

By dint of hand and fire-craft
High above its earthy bed,

From the Church-tower shall it waft
Tidings of the quick and dead,
To generations yet unborn
Shall witness of our works:—shall share
Affliction with the heart forlorn,
And wake the sinful soul to prayer.
Whate'er the wayward Fates provide
Of change and chance, of weal and woe,
The brazen mouth shall herald wide,
And moralize to man below.

White the bubble rise and rush,—
Hold ! to haste the mingled flow,
Pour the potash, ere it gush,
Searching all above, below.
That not *flaw* nor *pore*
Mar the drossless ore;
But full and clear the mellow sound
From the metal pure rebound.
For hark ! the solemn peal is ringing
To hail the babe, that listlessly

His prime of life in Peace beginning,
Sleeps beneath the mother's eye,
That like a watch-light, ever warning
 Beams upon his golden morning.
Foul or serene his future doom
Lies lapp'd in Time's unfathom'd gloom.
 His years like feathered arrows fly.—

From maiden play to man's employ
Indignant starts the stripling boy ;
He grasps his staff, he roams the earth :
A stranger to his father's hearth
Returns ; and views in all her charms

 The maid that first his young heart warms.—

 Bright as a vision heaven-born
 She blooms in beauty, like the morn
 Flicker'd with all its orient hues,—
 So deep a blush her cheek imbues.
A nameless, longing, lingering glow
 Fires all his blood ; he roves alone ;

Tears from his eyes unwonted flow :

Far from his rude companions flown,
Her steps he traces, blest where'er

She greets him : field, and flowery grove
He spoils of all that's sweet and fair,
Wherewith to grace his lady-love.

Ah ! tender hope ! Ah ! dear delusion !

First Love !—life's golden age of dreams !
Heaven opes—he quaffs the bright effusion,
And basks in blest Elysian beams.

Oh ! that young Love's sweet primrose tide
Might ever fresh and fair abide !

See ! the glowing pipes grow brown.

Probe the metal to the core,
If the *rod*, now plunging down,
Rises glaz'd with molten ore,
'Tis a token sure
All is prime and pure ;
That tough and pliant meetly cast,
Are ripe to run, and pledg'd to last.

For when contrasted nature's pair,
 And rough and smooth united are,
Then rings the concord rich and strong.
——Thus ye, ere plighted at the shrine,
Prove well, if heart with heart combine,
Short is the trance,—repentance long.—
 Fluttering in the young bride's tresses
 Sweetly the virgin buds play,
When the merry church-bell blesses
 Wedded love's bright holiday.
Ah ! the moment of enjoying
 Strikes with blight love's short-lived May ;
The girdle loos'd, the veil with-drawing
Tears the faëry trance away.
 But love must endure
 When Passion is dead ;
As fruits will mature,
 When their blossoms are shed.
And man must go forth
 On the race he is running,

By wit or by worth,
By force or by cunning,
Must plant and must gather,
Must strive and importune,
And grapple and grasp
And make prisoner of Fortune.
Now flows the full spring-tide
Of wealth without measure,
His garners are warp'd
By the weight of his treasure.
With his wealth and his wares
His mansions increase;
And the good housewife's cares
Never slumber nor cease.
The mother of children,
The nurse and the guide,
O'er house and o'er home
Behold her preside !
With prudence she governs
And orders and aids,
Exhorts or upbraids,

Rebuking the boys
And instructing the maids.
With hand ever stirring
And heart ever light,
The spinning-wheel burring,
From morning to night ;
For thrift and for gain
O'er-toiling her brain,
The pomp and the state
Of her house to maintain.
In sweet-scented coffers
And cabinets bright,
Of woollen and linen
All glossy and white,
She husbands and heaps
Inexhaustible store,
And toils evermore.—
And the father exultingly
Looks from the loft
Of his turret on high,
Over castle and croft,

And counts o'er his hoard :

His stacks and his stables,
And warehouses stored

From their floors to their gables,
And bursting with foison :—

His fallows and leas
With fulness o'er teeming,—
And waiving and beaming

With bright burnish'd corn,
And with far spreading trees.—

And he boasts in the pride of his heart—" Behold!

" Yonder my house and land:—

" Firm as the earth they stand,

" Glittering in glory and treasure untold."—

Vain man ! for no mortal may hold
A bond everlasting of Fortune : for wide
And sudden and swift is the stride
Of Adversity, trampling on Power and Pride.—

Hold ! the well-grain'd metal shews,

Cleft in twain—a sample fair,

Yet, ere forth the torrent flows,
Bow with me in solemn prayer.—
Strike the *stopple* out—
How the brown waves spout !
Arching o'er their prison-wall—
God of his mercy guard us all !—
Mild and benignant is the might
Of fire, when watched and rul'd aright.
And well may man, with grateful heart,
For many a wonder-working art,
Revere the heaven-born power divine :
But should the charter'd libertine—
Great Nature's free and fiery child,—
Unbridled, in her course run wild,
Woe to the dwellers in the town,
Whereof she makes her ruthless sport ;
Hurling the Conflagration down
Populous street and crowded court,
Like some huge Giant's monstrous brand.
For all the elements, array'd
In mortal enmity, have laid

Under their most immitigable ban
The triumphs of the mind of Man
The marvels of his hand !

Every gift is from on high :—
The self-same power
That sheds the shower,
Shoots lightning, from the sky.
The storm is up ! Heard ye the cry
Come wailing from yon tower ?
Yon light is not the day :
O'er all the air
A blood-red glare
Blots out the genial ray.

Street and strand and mart along
What a hurley ! what a throng !—
Rolls the smoke, the fire-blast roars,
And like a flaring pillar soars,
Waxing, as the whirlwind throws
Down the long street's swarming rows

Flames, as from a furnace rushing :—
Post and lintel burst in twain,
Tottering beam and column crushing,
Batter'd wall and clinking pane !—
Scared from their deserted home
Children scream, and mothers roam ;
And mid the smouldering ruins whine,
With helpless moan, the frightened kine.
All is hurry, fear and flight ;
Noonday blaze usurps the night.
Down the chain,
From hand to hand,
Flies the bucket, and amain
Hisses on the burning brand.
From the funnels
Arch'd on high
Gushing runnels
Spirt and fly :
But the tempest speeds its course
Howling, where the quenchless force

Of fire hath found its fuel out,
Spite of whelming water-spout :
There, mid spars and beams it raves,
As if a sea of fiery waves
Would, to its all devouring deep,
Earth from her foundations sweep.
Heavenward towers the giant blaze ;
Man mid his ruin'd labours prone,
Bows down to Him of power alone
 To prostrate or to raise.
All lies waste, and burn'd and bare :
The wanton winds are chambering there;
 And Desolation broods within :
Through yawning breach and window rent,
Over the roof less tenement
The clouds of Heaven careering high,
Lower as they pass, and wistfully
 Look in.—
One parting glance the good man throws
 Upon the spoil
 Of all his toil
Then grasps his staff and forth he goes

Fire and storm have work'd their will;
But one sweet comfort soothes him still,
Midst ruin unimpaired :
The living objects of his love
He counts, and blesses Him above
His dearest wealth is spared. —

Pour'd on earth the metal bright
Fills the mould : But who may tell,
Whether all within be well
Cost and labour to requite.
What if ore or clay
Burst, or bolt astray !
Ah ! while doubts perplex the soul,
Oft mischance hath dealt the dole.

In the dark lap of mother Earth
His handiwork the Craftsman lays ;
The Sower sows his seed, and prays
For blessing which to second birth
The embrio plant may raise.

Still dearer seed in earth's kind womb,
With humble hope, we bid repose;
That it may fairer flowers disclose
And blossom to a better doom.

From the Minster-tower the Bell
Slowly tolls a funeral knell ;
Greeting with solemn tone the long array
Which leads some wanderer on the latest way.

Ah ! 'tis She—the Mother dear
Sleeps upon her sable bier ;
'Tis the tender Consort, torn
From her husband's arms forlorn :
From the lovely brood she bare,
On her bosom flowering fair,
And their growth in loveliness
Bless'd as only mother's bless.

Ah ! the household bond for ever
Burst in twain, lies buried there ;

For the shades of Death dissever
Her, from all that fondly were
Link'd by her in love-sweet union :
She no more, with watchful care,
Tendstheheart-warmhome-communion :
Other hands the meal prepare ;
And the bower she loved to grace,
And the board she us'd to share—
Cheerless all—Her orphan race
In a stranger's cold embrace
Pine, like flowers in frosty air.

Soft !—the work grows cool. Away !
Rest ye from your toils awhile:
Blithe as birds upon the spray,
As ye list, your hours beguile.
Lo ! the star of eve
Sheds a sweet reprieve:
Or hie ye, lads, to vesper-prayer :
Nought must relax the Master's care.—

Chearly through the greenwood now
His homeward path the traveller holds ;
And to their wonted stalls and folds
Sleek beeves, with broad and open brow,
And bleating weanlings throng.
Beneath its cumbrous load of grain
Heavily reels the creaking wain ;
Whose sheaves with motley garlands crown'd
The jocund reapers dance around,
And hail with harvest-song.—

Street and Market-cross grow still ;
And jarring on its hinges shrill
The City-gate is heard to close ;
And where yon social taper glows,
The calm home-dwellers meet :
And earth puts on her winding sheet.
But what hath darkness, to appall
The sober Citizen withal,
In conscious worth secure ?
For Justice with her dragon-eye

Dogs, through the murky midnight sky,
The wretch of soul impure.—

Hail holy Concord ! hail to thee
Spirit of heav'n-born unity !
That links in fetters free and light
The joyous bond of equal right ;
Firm on whose foundation rise
Powers and Principalities :
Whose voice the unsocial savage calls
From lonely wilds to peopled walls ;
Visits the haunts of human kind,
To gentle manners moulds the mind,
And weaves the dearest holiest band—
Devotion to our Fatherland !—

Countless hands in eager motion,
Fired to zeal by mutual aid,
Art-inspir'd, o'er land and ocean
Roll the rich-fraught flood of Trade.
Man and Master, with reliance
Each on each, for freedom toil ;

Each to Treason hurls defiance,
Each upholds his native soil.
Blessing from above embraces
 Industry on every side ;
Kingly worth the monarch graces,
 Peerless Art's the Craftsman's pride.—

Gentle Peace ! sweet Harmony !

O ! be this your Sanctuary.

 Hover, hover o'er this Town.

Trampling march or martial sally
Ne'er invade this tranquil valley :
Ne'er, dread Heaven, in vengeance muster
Fiercer flames, than yon mild lustre
Shed from Eve's enamel'd crown.
Ne'er, to mar our tender tillage,
City storm'd or blazing village
 Shoot their scatter'd fire-brands down.—

Smite me now the frame asunder.

 Earth and Fire have play'd their part :

Let the accomplished work, with wonder
Feed the eye, and glad the heart.
Swing the hammer, swing;
Till the splinters spring.
Ere it rest, the unmantled Bell
Must cast off its shatter'd shell.—
To break the mould with timely heed
A master's practis'd hand demands ;
But woe the while, when rashly freed
The fiery prisoner bursts his bands.
With the rattling din of thunder,
With a flood, as heav'd from hell,
Ruin sweeps, and rends asunder
House, and all therein that dwell.—

When reckless force usurps the sway,
Fast falls each fabric to decay ;
So when the many, self-set-free,
Cry havock to Authority,
All, that was glorious good and great,
Lies prostrate with the ruined state.

Woe to the land in whose still breast
Sedition feeds the lurking flames ;

Where, by no rule of right repress,
The people self-dominion claims.

Then fiercely swung with frenzied hand,
To arms the peace-devoted Bell
Sounds an alarm; and frights the land,
Ill tun'd to War's discordant yell.
To " freedom and equality ! "

The streets and crowded halls resound:
To arms the peaceful burghers fly,
And sworn assassins prowl around.
The Furies then, to woman's breast
The fell Hyena's rage impart,
With fiendlike joy and wanton jest
Mangling the life-warm throbbing heart.
All awe of holy things is o'er,
Shame's modest mantle torn away ;
Vice stalks degraded worth before,
And riots in the face of day,

Right dangerous is the Lion's lair,
Quenchless the Tiger's thirst for blood ;
Direst of all the wild-eyed glare
Of man, brute man in frantic mood !
Woe ! on whome'er Heav'ns fire-bolt falls,
Hurl'd by the purblind ruffian band ;
It beams not on their sightless balls,
But burns to ashes all the land.—

Blessing crowns our honest toils :
Like a kernel from the shell,
Or a planet from the coil
Of parting clouds, bursts forth the Bell.
Round the helm, a blaise
Like a sunbeam, plays ;
And legend and armorial shield
Proof of cunning bell-craft yield.

A ring ! a ring !
And welcome to the christening !
“ Concordia ! ” cry, my merry-men all,
For thus our handiwork we call.

To heartfelt union shall it sound,
And strike a sacred peace around.
Be this its doom : to this we vow
Our craft of hand and sweat of brow.
Aloft in pride of place, and far
O'er earth's low dwellings shall it rise;
With the red bolt and rolling star,
Co-tenant of the boundless skies.
A voice, as of the host on high,
That shrin'd in every starry sphere
Hosannah ! to their Maker cry !
And lead in dance the circling year:
To nought but high and holy things
The deep-ton'd *brim* devoted be ;
As hour by hour, it speeds the wings
Of Time to vast Eternity.
A Tongue oracular to Fate,
Though cold and heartless, shall it lend :
And with life's mazes intricate
Its own symphonious changes blend.

And as the mightiest sound, that thrills
The throbbing ear, dissolves away ;
So may it teach us, all that fills
This earthly round, must needs decay.—

Now ply the pulley, stretch the rope,
And to the realms of vocal air
Heave we the Bell—give ample scope,
That it may spurn its lowly lair.
Aloft aloft it soars !
It swings ! it roars !—
Joy to this City ! Peace and Weal !
Be this its first and foremost peal.

Fridolin.

Fridolin.

I.

A gentle page was Fridolin,
And strove, 'fore God, to learn
How best to serve, in hall and green,
The Countess of Savern.
A dame she was, so fair and good,
That e'en her rash and wayward mood,
With hand and heart, and heaven to aid,
He would have joyfully obey'd.

II.

For her he liv'd ; for her alone
He toil'd from morn to night,
And sigh'd to think, when all was done,
His labour far too light.

Abate thy pain's she oft would cry ;
And then a tear bedew'd his eye :
For still he deem'd his service nought,
Unless with hard endurance wrought.

III.

For this, o'er all her household train,
The youth she lov'd to raise ;
And he to reap—his dearest gain—
The harvest of her praise.
No menial held ; his worth had won
Well nigh the title of a son :
And, on his comely form, her eye
Beam'd ever mild and motherly,

IV.

Envy thereat, with rankling bane,
Sunk deep in Robert's breast ;
His gloomy soul and labouring brain
Long swell'd with hate suppress.

The hunter's craft, in daily chace,
At the Count's side, had earn'd a place ;
And in his heart, as home they rode,
Suspicion's seeds the tempter sow'd.

V.

‘ Blest is my Lord ; by faith and truth
‘ O how supremely blest !
‘ No jealous doubt's envenom'd tooth
‘ E'er breaks his golden rest :
‘ Thine is a spouse, whose modest zone,
‘ Bright honour, like a charmed stone,
‘ Guards from the base betrayer's wiles ;—
‘ Her stedfast love no art beguiles.’

VI.

The dread Count roll'd his swarthy brows,
And cried : ‘ What say'st thou, slave ?
‘ Think ye I build on woman's vows,
‘ False as the fitful wave ?

‘ Prey to each smooth tongue’s flattering lure—
‘ On faster ground I stand secure :
‘ And far or ne’er, we have yet to learn,
‘ What traitor dares approach Savern.’

VII.

‘ Right ’ quoth the hunter ; ‘ and I muse
 ‘ To think, a bondman born
‘ Presumes thy bounty to abuse—
 ‘ He merits but thy scorn :
 ‘ Fool ! to essay, with lawless fire
 ‘ The very dame he serves for hire.’—
The Count by turns grew pale and red,
 ‘ Speak ye of one who lives ?’ he said.

VIII.

‘ Yea—for what all besides well know,
 ‘ Why should I hold conceal’d ?
‘ Yet if my Lord ordains it so,
 ‘ ’Twere better unreveal’d.’—

‘ ‘Sdeath ! sirrah ! speak’—and at the word,
Right fearful glared the jealous lord—
‘ With Kunigunda who shall dare ?—
‘ Her mineon with golden hair—

IX.

‘ Nor is his form amiss’—with guile
The subtle fiend proceeds ;
Thrilling the tortur’d heart the while,
Which burns by fits and bleeds.
‘ And can it be, my Lord alone
‘ Ne’er mark’d his bearing, look and tone ?
‘ On thee he deigns nor thought nor care,
‘ But hangs enamour’d o’er her chair.

X.

‘ Look on this seroll,—his hidden flame
‘ These guilty rhimes confess—
‘ Confess—audacious slave ! and claim
‘ From her forsooth no less.

‘ For pity of the comely youth
‘ The gracious Countess veils the truth :
‘ For she is kind—beshrew my tongue—
‘ I’ve said too much—yet where’s the wrong?’

XI.

The Count upon the spur of wrath
Prick’d to the neighbouring wood :
Pregnant with ore beside the path
A fiery furnace stood.
Early and late, with busy hand,
The forgemmen feed the blazing brand !
The Bellows roar, the red sparks start,
As they would glaze the granite’s heart.

XII.

Conflicting agents, flood and fire
Here work with joint controul :
As o’er the wheel, in restless gyre,
The rushing torrents roll.

True to the mill-clack's measur'd chime,
The clattering hammer-clap keeps time;
Till plastic yields the stubborn steel,
By dint of hand and fire and wheel.

XIII.

Of craftsmen straight he beckons twain ;
And—' Mark me well ' he cries :
' The first that wends o'er hill and plain,
' And questions in this wise—
' ' Have ye obey'd the master well ?'
' Hurl him in yonder flaming hell :
' There let the wretch to ashes burn,
' Nor e'er, to curse these eyes, return.'

XIV.

Jocund thereat the savage pair
A hangman's joy express'd ;
For as their iron, harden'd were
The hearts in either breast.

Fresh fuel on the flames they cast,
And quicken with a tenfold blast :
Then, with a murderous longing, lay
In ambush for the destin'd prey.

XV.

Robert with counterfeited glee,
Thus to his fellow said :
' Up, up ! my comrade—cheerily !
' The Count expects thy aid.'
With scowling eye and sullen mien,
Thus spake the Count to Fridolin:
' Hie to the forge, and thus demand:
' Have ye achiev'd the work in hand ?'

XVI.

Forth fared the page ; then paused, and thought
On her he wont to obey :
' Hold ! might I not promote in aught
' Her pleasure, by the way ?'

Then blithely to her bower he flies :
‘ Yonder ! quoth he, my errand lies ;
‘ Command me, Lady, for to thee
‘ Belong my faith and fealty.’

XVII.

Thereat the Lady of Savern

Turn’d on the youth her eye,—

As she was ever wont to turn,—

Benignant in reply.

Fain would she hear a mass she said :

‘ But lo ! my child lies sick a-bed :

‘ Go thou, my son, and bow thy knee,

‘ And in thy prayer remember me.’

XVIII.

Swift on his welcome message flew

Young Fridolin ; but ere,

He reach’d the village bounds, or drew

Near to the deadly snare ;

Chim'd from the chapel, calm and clear
The vesper bell salutes his ear,
Which every sinful soul to rites
Of holy Sacrament invites.

XIX.

' Where'er Salvation lies before
 ' Thy path, ne'er turn aside.'
Musing he spoke, and pac'd the floor
 All silent far and wide :
For step or stir as yet was none
Of chorister or sacristan.
'Twas harvest tide, the reaper's toil
Was rife, o'er all the sultry soil.

XX.

Straight he resolv'd, with pious heed,
 The Chapel-clerk to play :
For ' nought ' quoth he, ' can mar our speed,
 ' Which heavenward leads the way :

O'er the meek priest with reverence due
Both Stole and Cingulum he threw,
And plate and chalice fairly lay'd,
Hallow'd and meet for service made.

XXI.

This done, behold him ministering
Beside the altar stand,
And pace before the priest, and ring
With book and bell in hand.
Prompt at each beck, and quick of sight
He kneels to left,—he kneels to right,
And at each Sanctus, thrice the bell
Peals thrilling through the still Chapelle.

XXII.

Oft as the holy man in prayer
Beside the Altar bow'd ;
Or heav'd the Cross aloft in air,
The sacristan more loud

Proclaim'd the Holy Host, and all
Admonished by the solemn call
Their bosoms cross'd with one accord,
Prone in the presence of the Lord.

XXIII.

With ready hand and earnest thought
He plied the well-known art :
For in the house of God was nought
He held not next his heart.
Blithe and unwearied wrought he thus—
Till, with Vobiscum Dominus
'The reverend Friar the service crown'd,
And bless'd the congregation round.

XXIV.

Nor purpos'd yet the child of grace
His errand to pursue,
Till he had cleans'd the sacred place,
And rang'd in order due.

Then clear in conscience, fancy free
Forth to the iron forge went he :
Nor fail'd, in quittance just, to say
Twelve paternosters by the way.

XXV.

Robert the while, from tower and gate
Look'd out—Both groom and lord
Marvell'd, that of their victim's fate
No tidings were abroad :
He might have loitered—might have scap'd—
New phantoms every moment shap'd.
' Hence to the forest,' cried Savern :
' Witness his death, or ne'er return.'

XXVI.

Awhile he watched by plain and wood ;
Till weary of delay,
Sudden amid the gang he stood :—
The slaves mistook their prey.

Nor word, nor sign, nor prayer they wait,
But plunge him in the furnace straight.
—One shriek !—and shrivell'd to a scroll,
He writhes and mingles with the coal.

XXVII.

Anon, as Fridolin espied
The smoking forge at hand,
He stood, and ' Is it done ?' he cried,
 ' As ye have had command ?'
Their mouths distorted to a grin,
They pointed to the flames within :
 ' Clean out of hand, and fairly sped,
 ' We've earn'd our master's thanks,' they said.

XXVIII.

Thus answer'd, to the Count he hied,
 Who kenn'd him from afar :
But scarce believ'd his eyes, and cried
 ' Slave !—or whate'er ye are—

‘ Whence come ye ?’—‘ From the foundery
straight.’

—‘ Tis false—or thou has linger’d late,

‘ And marr’d thy errand by the way.’—

‘ My Lord, I tarried but to pray :

XXIX.

‘ With thy commandment charg’d, I sought

‘ Her whom I’m wont to obey :

‘ If haply I might speed in aught

‘ Her pleasure by the way :

‘ She bade me hear a mass ;—with glee

‘ I ran, and from my rosary

‘ Dropt twice twain beads before the shrine,

‘ For her salvation and for thine.’

XXX.

‘ Hah !’ cried the Count with quivering cheek

And wild distracted eye ;

‘ What answer from the forgermen ?—speak’—

‘ Dark was their stern reply :

‘ ‘ ’Tis done,’ they cried with ghastly smile
‘ And pointed to the flames the while—
‘ ‘ Clean out of hand, and fairly sped,
‘ ‘ We’ve earn’d our master’s thanks,’ they
said.’

XXXI.

‘ And Robert—?’ gasping spake the Count,
While cold from nerve and brain
Rush’d back the life blood to its fount—
‘ Met ye in wood or plain ?’
‘ On plain, my Lord, or forest ground
‘ No trace of Robert have I found,’
‘ Yet’—mus’d the Count—‘ in haste and fear
‘ He went—but O !—God’s hand is here.’

XXXII.

Though all unus’d to gentle mood
He press’d his page’s hand ;
And while his dame unconscious stood,
Thus spake in mild command:

‘ Take him and tend him well; for sure
‘ In heaven no spirit dwells more pure,
‘ Ill counsels turn to evil end,
‘ God and his host this child defend.’

The Diver.

The Diver.

I.

- ‘ Which of my followers, Knight or Page
‘ Will dive for this golden cup ?—
‘ Behold !—a prey to the Sea-nymph’s rage
‘ The jaws of Charybdis have swallow’d it up.
‘ Whoever achieves the daring deed
‘ Receives the cup for his valour’s meed.’—

II.

The King of Sicily stood on the steep
That towers o’er the boundless sea:
And the goblet plung’d in the billowy deep
Gurgled and sank right heavily.
‘ Where is the heart ?’ cried the King again
‘ That quails not at yonder brawling main ?’

III.

The Knights and the Nobles that thron'd around,
To the challenge made no reply;
They look'd on the torrent, but none was found
For the glorious meed to vie.
'Is there none?' a third time the Monarch cries,
'Will venture his life for the golden prize?'

IV.

Not a foot was stirr'd, not a word was spoke,
'Till a Page from the courtly train
Unbuckled his belt, and doff'd his cloak,
To dare the dangerous main.
Ladies and Lords in mute amaze
All on the gallant stripling gaze.

V.

As dauntless he look'd from the mountain brow
Sheer down to the bottomless deep ;

Then plung'd,—now whelm'd in the billows, and
now

Regorg'd with resistless sweep,
And the roar as of distant thunder, hurl'd
To the nethermost pit of the watery world.

VI.

And it bubbles and gushes and spouts on high
As when fire and water contend,
Dashing the vapoury spray to the sky;
Flood upon flood and wave without end,
Labouring, as if to whelm the earth,
Ocean to ocean gave monstrous birth.

VII.

Anon the tempest has spent its might,
And stript of the frothy swell
A chasm black as a starless night
Yawns to the fathomless floor of hell:
And deep in the funnel with restless whirl
Roaring and rushing the wild waves curl.

VIII

And now, ere yet returns the flood,
To heaven the youth commends his soul ;
And oh ! 'twas a sight to freeze the blood,
As over his head the torrents roll.
Mysterious clos'd the waters o'er—
The dauntless swimmer was seen no more.

IX.

Silent and still is all above ;
Beneath hoarse murmuring eddies swell :
While scarce in trembling whispers move
The lips that sigh, brave youth ! farewell !
Louder and louder and nearer it draws,
And the faint heart sinks at the frightful pause.

X.

Yea—hadst thou cast thy crown in the sea,
And bidden me win and wear,
The precious meed were nought to me,
Nought but a guilty glittering snare.

For the wonders, which deep in ocean dwell,
No mortal may search, and live to tell.

XI.

Many and many a proud bark cast
Headlong beneath the weltering wave,
Ne'er rose but with wreck of keel and mast,
From the gorge of that all devouring grave.
Louder and louder again it roars—
And the white surf leaps and lashes the shores.

XII.

And it bubbles and gushes and spouts on high,
As when fire and water contend;
Dashing the vapoury spray to the sky,
Flood upon flood and wave without end.
With the roar as of distant thunder, hurl'd
From the nethermost pit of the watery world.

XIII.

But lo ! from the gulph all black and grim,
There heaves, like a snow white swan,

A glistening neck, an uplifted limb,
Swimming and floating the waves upon.—
'Tis he, the brave boy ! and he beckons with
glee,
And waves the gold cup right gallantly.

XIV.

And he breathes full long and he breathes full deep,
And he hails the blest light of heaven:
And they hurry around, and around him weep,
And loud was the welcome given,
' He lives—he is here—let the whirlwind drive—
' His valour has sav'd his soul alive.'

XV.

Led to the presence in jubilee,
He sinks with a modest air
Before his Liege upon bended knee:
And the King makes a sign to his daughter fair;
And she fills to the brim the sparkling gold.
' Long life to the King' quoth the Page so bold.

XVI.

- ‘ Long life to the King, and joy to all
‘ Who breathe in the rosy light :
‘ But alas ! below, what sights appal !
‘ Sights, which enwrap’d in horror and night
‘ God in his mercy hath mantled o’er,
‘ Never O never let man explore.

XVII.

- ‘ Headlong as swift, as the lighting-flash,
‘ Downward and downward at first I fell,
‘ To where conflicting currents clash :
‘ Then shooting aloft from the rocky well,
‘ I was whirl’d like a top, with resistless might,
‘ At the will of the yelling water-sprite.

XVIII.

- ‘ ’Twas then in my uttermost need I pray’d :
‘ And the God on whom I relied,
‘ The reef of a coral rock display’d :
I seiz’d it, and hanging hard beside

‘ On the self-same coral, the cup I found :
‘ Else had it sunk to the nether ground.

XIX.

‘ For still beneath me, mountain-deep
‘ In purple darkness lay
‘ Sounds, that to mortal hearing sleep,
‘ Sights that no mortal eyes survey.
‘ Lizards and snakes and dragons grim
— ‘ And all that in caverns creep, or swim.

XX.

‘ There in dark clots all ghastly-green,
‘ Swarming and wallowing, round me lay ;
‘ Thornback and crab and haberdine,
‘ And he that in ocean hunts his prey,
‘ Hyena-like, the ravening shark,
‘ Grinning and glaring in the dark.

XXI.

‘ There as in hopeless plight I cling,
‘ A thought comes over my curdling blood :

‘ Lo ! but one feeling life warm thing,
‘ Lone mid the cold sea’s savage brood !
‘ Far from each human sight and sound,
‘ With a howling; watery waste around !

XXII.

‘ Methought—and a shuddering seiz’d my soul—
‘ Hundreds on hundreds about me crawl :
‘ Their grim jaws snap, and their pale eyes roll.—
—‘ My hand quits its hold, and entranc’d I fall
‘ Prone in the gulph—but when hope was o’er,
‘ Salvation came—I was cast ashore.’

XXIII.

Awhile in wonder sat the King,
Then cried, ‘ The Cup be thine :
‘ And wouldst thou yet earn this costly ring,
‘ With all the bright gems thereon that shine ;
‘ Then hie thee again, and bring to me
‘ Tidings from yon tempestuous sea.’

XXIV.

His daughter she heard with fear and ruth,
And thus her proud sire besought :
' Father ! be this enough : the youth
' What none would adventure, hath bravely
wrought :
' Or if thy dread will must needs have way,
' Let Knight or Squire the deed essay.'

XXV.

Thereat the king with hasty hand
To the waves the goblet gave ;
' Go—win it me back and my royal brand
' Dubs thee the bravest of the brave ;
' And straight for thy bride, we here decree
' Her who now weeps for pity of thee.'

XXVI.

His soul was in arms, his eyes in a blaze,
Like a cloud in a fiery storm :

And he saw the red blush on her lovely face,
And he gazed on her fainting form :
Fir'd at the sight, the prize to win,
For life or death he plunges in.

XXVII.

Hark to the torrent ! too well foretold
By a crash like the fire-bolts fall :
One look of passion—and all was cold—
And it comes, and it comes—'Tis water all—
It rushes below, and it rushes o'er
But wafts not the hapless youth ashore.

The Count of Habsburgh.

The Count of Habsburgh.

I.

The rites had been hallow'd by book and by bell,
And Rudolph was royally crown'd,
In his time-honour'd palace at Aix-la-Chapelle,
With his Peers and his vassals around,
The Lord of Bohemia, and He of the Rhine,
The Palzgraf was waiting with wassail and wine;
At his side the Electors seven ;
Each serv'd in his office of high degree,
And the Emperor shone in his majesty
Like the Sun mid the stars of heaven.

II.

The balconies throng'd above and about
With folk that keep holiday :

And rude was the shout of the rabble rout,
As it mix'd with the trumpet's bray.
For the flag of Misrule was no more unfurl'd ;
A Judge was anointed to rule the world,
And avenge the cause of the poor :
No longer the sword with blind controul
O'er-master'd the weak and peaceful soul,
To exalt the evil-doer.

III.

' A health !' cried the Kaisir in joyful mood,
As he drain'd the golden bowl :
' The board is well deck'd, and the banquet good
' To regale my kingly soul :
' But where is the Minstrel whose wondrous lore
' Can touch the heart to its central core,
' With legends of godlike story ?
' For what was my wont, as belted knight,
' From the dawn of my youth to the day of my
might,
' I uphold for my kingdom's glory.'

IV.

Anon from amid the princely throng
Out-step'd a reverend sage :
And his robe fell gracefully full and long,
And his head was silvered with age :
' O sweet sleeps the lay in the golden shell ;
' The meed of true love can the Minstrel tell,
 ' His praise is the crown of all worth.
' And he thrills the heart with the holiest fires—
' But if aught more fitting the feast requires,
 ' I bow to the Lord of the earth.'

V.

' Gramercy !' the monarch replied, ' what power
 ' May command the Minstrel's lay ?
' His spirit must wait the witching hour,
 ' And a mightier master obey.
' The wind, where it lists, blows thorough the air,
' But whence it proceeds what tongue may
 declare ?

‘ What mortal controul its motion ?
‘ So bursts the wild lay from the Poet’s breast,
‘ Mysteriously rous’d from its place of rest,
‘ Like a well from the womb of the ocean.’

VI.

The Minstrel he rush’d on the chords amain,
Till they thrill’d as if trembling with joy :
‘ A hunter rode forth over mountain and plain,
‘ To follow the fleet chamois :
‘ His knave at his back bore his hunting gear,
‘ When a bell lightly tinkling smote his ear,
‘ From afar o’er the watery dell,
‘ The Knight check’d his steed, and his breast
he cross’d,
‘ For a Priest was bearing the Holy Host,
‘ And his sacristan rang the bell.’

VII.

‘ The Count doff’d his cap, as the Monk drew near,
‘ And bow’d, with a Christian mind,

‘ In bodily sign of grace to revere,
 ‘ The Saviour of all mankind.
‘ But across the meadow a rill there ran,
‘ And thwarted the path of the holy man :
 ‘ With reverend heed he laid
‘ On the green-grass turf the Sacrament,
‘ And loos’d his latchet, as though he meant
 ‘ To the opposite bank to wade.

VIII.

‘ Hola !’ quoth the Knight, ‘ what make ye
 there ?’
 ‘ And approach’d in pious mood :
‘ Benedicite ! Bread of life I bear,
 ‘ To a soul that pines for food ;
‘ But ’ere I had reach’d the streamlet’s ridge,
‘ The Griesbach had swept the little bridge
 ‘ Away to the valley below :
‘ And now, lest the poor soul lack the word
‘ All-potent to save—athwart the ford
 ‘ Barefooted I mean to go.’

IX.

- ‘ The Count set the priest on his stately steed,
 ‘ And held both stirrup and rein :
‘ And he blessed his errand, and bade him God
 speed,
 ‘ Then away to the woodlands again.
‘ The Church-men in peace pursued their
 road ;
‘ The Hunter the peasant’s horse bestrode,
 ‘ And rambled the wild woods o’er.
‘ Next morn, ere the Mass had yet been said,
‘ The Monk by the bridle humbly led
 ‘ The steed to the good Count’s door.’

X.

- ‘ Now Jesu-Maria forfend,’ he cried,
 ‘ Yon courser be mine no more ;
‘ In fight or in forest ’twere sin to ride
 ‘ The steed which my Saviour bore.
‘ Nay use him thyself at thy godly need,
‘ Or bid him keep Sabbath in stall or mead ;

‘ Reserv’d from the chace and the strife,
‘ For Him at whose hand I hold in fea
‘ Health, honour, and lands, and liberty,
‘ Soul, body, and breath of life.’

XI.

‘ And may He,’ cried the Seer, ‘ whom thou ho-
nouredst now,
‘ The Lord and Giver of might,
‘ Both now and hereafter accept thy vow,
‘ And with power and honour requite :
‘ By the fire of thy soul and the feats of thy hand
— ‘ A Count renowned in Switzerland,
‘ In bower and in battle-array.
‘ Six daughters be thine ; and each shall bring
‘ A kingly crown embellishing
‘ Thy line to the latest day.’—

XII.

Deep buried in thought the Monarch sat,
And he ponder’d on times foregone :

And he look'd on the Bard, and clearer thereat

The light on his dark words shone:

And he look'd and he look'd, and it flashed
more clear,

And he kenn'd the old priest, and a secret tear,

Mid the folds of his purple ran.

And all in amaze on the Kaisir gaze

Musing on Heaven's mysterious ways—

And the deed of the godlike man.

The Globe.

The Globe.

In his Chair of state,
King Francis sate
 To view the Lion-fight ;
And the gallery round
Was bravely crown'd
 With Lords and Ladies bright.
And the king waves his hand,
And the doors expand,
And forth from the same
A Lion came.—

With a thoughtful pace
 As he strode along,
He glared in the face
 Of the listed throng.

Shaking his mane
As if in disdain,
Then yawn'd and couch'd on the sand—

And the King waved his hand—
And out in a rage
From a second cage
A Tiger sprung,
And he lolled out his tongue,
And yell'd when aware
Of the Lion there.
And round and round
As he whirl'd his tail,
Harrow'd the ground
With a hideous wale.—

Slyly and slow
He circled his foe,
Crouching and prowling ;
Then stretched himself growling
Aside on the sand—

And the King wav'd his hand.
When issuing straight
From another grate
Ramping amain
Came Leopards twain ;
And eager for fight
On the Tiger alight.—

But he pack'd them off with a claw
Of his murderous paw.
And the Lion rais'd
His head with a roar :
Whereat all amaz'd,
Though greeding sore,
Silent and still
And subdued to his will
In a circle sat
Each grisly cat.—

'Twas then from above
A Lady's glove

Fell midway between
The Lion so grim and the Tiger so keen.
And thus to Delorges aloud
'Gan say
Kunigunda the proud
In a taunting way :
' Sir Knight, if thy love,
' Each hour profess'd,
' Be not a mere jest,
' Go fetch me my glove
' From yon monster's side.'—

And the knight, thus defied,
Sprang from his place,
And anon was seen
In the middle space
The tiger and lion between.
And the Lords and the Ladies in deep amaze
All on the gallant action gaze,
As calmly he bare
The prize away.

Not a tongue was there
Nor a heart that day,
But echo'd and thrill'd to the hero's praise:
But fondest I ween
Was the love-glance keen
Of the haughty Fair
Who held him in thrall :
For it promis'd him all
A glance could declare.

And the knight bow'd low
With a courtly grace :
But he knitted his brow,
And he hurl'd in her face
The glove with a scornful air !
' No longer the slave
' Of heartless pride,
' Lady ! I crave
' No thanks,' he cried.

The spell was o'er
She had lost her power
And he woo'd her no more
From that fatal hour.

The Cranes of Ibycus.

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The Cranes of Ibycus.

I.

To strife of Chariot-race and Song
The tribes of Greece to Corinth throng;
And Ibycus, belov'd of all
The immortal Gods, obeys the call:
But most by great Apollo fir'd
He sails from Rhegium far away,
With master-hand and heart inspir'd
And voice to breathe the sweetest lay.

II.

And now upon its mountain-height
Acrocorinthus hove in sight;

And awestruck now the Poet trod
The piny grove of Ocean's God.

Lone was the way; no living thing
Had cheer'd the Pilgrim, save on high
A flight of wandering Cranes a-wing,
Southward to seek a warmer sky.

III.

‘ All hail ! propitious heralds ! ye
‘ Who marshal me by land and sea:
‘ Omen of good ! I greet you fair—
‘ Like dole and destiny we share:
‘ To distant climes together rove,
‘ Implore alike a friendly shed,
‘ Suppliants of hospitable Jove
‘ The guardian of each houseless head.

IV.

So forth he fared in cheerful mood;
When, deep within a trackless wood

Two fierce marauders crouching lay,
And hemm'd him in the narrow way.
For life he strove; but wearied soon
His hands the unequal fight forego
More wont the tender chord to tune,
Than fiercely bend the stubborn bow.

V.

All unavailing was his cry
To God and man; no ear or eye
Witness'd the deed: his mortal moan
Expir'd in echoes faint and lone.
' And must I thus forsaken fall,
' An outcast in a foreign land;
' Unpited, unaveng'd of all,
' And slaughter'd by a ruffian hand?'

VI.

Thus sore beset he grasps the ground;
When near and nearer hovering round

A rush of pinions cleav'd the air,
And shrieks that mingled with his prayer.

He heard—but vainly strove to view:

And 'O—since ye alone' he cried

' Behold my doom— ye Cranes! of you

' I crave revenge'—he said, and died.

VII.

The mangled corse in death's disguise,

Scap'd not the search of friendly eyes;

By all in Corinth mourn'd, but most,

By one—his fond expectant host

' And is it thus, poor friend! we meet?

' I thought to weave thy piny crown;

' And hail thee in the highest seat,

' Bright in the halo of Renown.'

VIII.

Such was the plaint, o'erheard of all

At great Poseidon's festival:

All Greece in sorrowing bore a part;
His loss sank deep in every heart.

Myriads attracted to the show
Invoke the manes of the dead,
And shout from every crowded row
For vengeance on the murderer's head.

IX.

But who of all that mighty throng
Allur'd by Chariot-race and Song,
If haply lurking there, might trace
The ruffian to his hiding-place?

What hand had dealt the treacherous blow
Was hid from every eye but one—
Or fierce bandit or envious foe—
The glorious all-beholding Sun!

X.

With dauntless brow and bloody hand
Perchance he stalks throughout the land,

And revels in his lawless spoils,
'Till Justice grasps him in her toils:
Perehance amid yon swarm and stir
At open day he dares defy,
In temple and in theatre,
Both mortal man and deity.

XI.

For bench on bench and tier on tier
The Many gathering far and near
Assembled sat—the giant pile
Beneath its burden groans the while—
Hoarse-murmuring, as when Ocean raves
Aloft its breathing bulk it rears,
And heaves its circulating waves
To the blue sky and starry spheres.

XII.

O Greece ! in that thy day of might,
Who shall thy countless hordes recite,

Or number o'er the illustrious names
Drawn to thy glorious Isthmian games?
Native or strange, from many a land,
Island or Continent they pour;
These from each fair Ægean strand,
Those from remotest Asia's shore.

XIII.

From Theseus or from Pelops sprung,
Of Doric or Athenian tongue,
Phocis and Aulis swell the train:
As wedg'd in crowded ranks, they strain
From many a bench above beneath,
Each sense attentive, ear and eye,
To catch the harrowing tones, that breathe
The soul of choral melody.

XIV.

In ancient wise, with measur'd gait
Sweeps the wild dance in grisly state,

Forth from the Orchestra's hindmost ground,
Pacing the spacious Circle round.

No foot of earth-born woman treads
That awful maze; no earthly roof
Hous'd those huge limbs —so high their heads
Tower above human form aloof!

XV.

Their loins a sable mantle shrouds,
Their fleshless hands, in lurid clouds
Whirl the red torch; a wrinkled streak
Furrows each wan and haggard cheek:
And where from mortal brows, the hair
In love-alluring tresses hangs,
There bloated snakes and adders glare
With gloating eyes and baneful fangs.

XVI.

Now hand in hand, in circle grim,
Sternly they chant the solemn hymn;

Coiling around and to the core
Piercing the guilt-struck heart, with lore
That spurns the feebly warbling lyre,
And to the marrow strikes amain.
Hark ! 'tis Erinnys leads the quire,
Withering with fear the frenzied brain.

XVII.

‘ O fair befall the spirit pure,
‘ Whose child-like innocence, secure
‘ From our immitigable wrath,
‘ Glides on through life’s bewilder’d path :
‘ But woe the while to him, who feels
‘ The dire remorse, the guilty fright
‘ Wherewith we dog the murderer’s heels—
‘ *We* the gaunt hounds of ghastly Night.

XVIII.

‘ Thinks he to scape—anon we wing
‘ The restless chace; anon we fling

‘ The tangling noose, which so inthrals
‘ His foot, that staggering, down he falls.
‘ No prayer averts the coming woe,
‘ No pity soothes his fell despair:
‘ Down to the groundless pit below
‘ We track, and hunt him even there.’

XIX.

Thus choiring still, they weave the dance;
By turns retreat, by turns advance:
At length a silence, deep and drear,
As if the God himself drew near,
Lulls all the air—In grisly state
They pace the spacious circle round,
In ancient wise, with measur’d gait,
And vanish in the hindmost ground.

XX.

’Twixt truth and fiction, doubt and fear
Throbs every pulse, and thrills each ear;

And every sense submissive cowers
Beneath the inexorable Powers—
Inscrutable !—whose hands, the thread
Of Fate unravel, and display
Horrors that haunt the midnight bed,
But fly before the broad-eyed day.

XXI.

'Twas then, that from the farthest row
A voice came wafted down below
' Lo there ! lo there ! Timotheus !
' The fatal Cranes of Ibycus !'
Whereon a sudden darkness veils
The massive pile and listening throng:
Aloft the winged Squadron sails,
And slowly wheeling sweeps along.

XXII.

Ibycus ! ah ! that cherish'd name
Home to each heart responsive came

From mouth to mouth, as bursts the roar
Of wave on wave along the shore.

‘ Say what of Ibycus? the source
‘ Of all our tears, untimely slain!
‘ What mean yon ominous birds, that course
‘ Athwart the air in sullen train?’

XXIII.

Loud and more loud the question grew,
As thought foreboding flash’d anew,
Like lightning, on each troubled breast:
‘ The murderous wrong shall be redrest,
‘ The sacred Bard aveng’d—Lay hands
‘ On him that spoke, and him who near
‘ The speaker, pale and trembling stands—
‘ Take note—the avenging Fiends are here!’

XXIV.

In vain the felon would retract
The damning words: the treacherous act

Wan lips and quivering limbs betray,
And Justice seizes on her prey.

The scene a dread Tribunal grown,
The Prytanes* in pomp array'd,
With blood for blood the deed atone,
And vindicate the Poet's shade.

* Corinthian Magistrates.

The Wedding Song,

FROM GÖTHE.

I.

We sing of the Count, who, as chronicles say,

Once held in this hall high carousals.

Whose lordly descendant invites us to-day,

Full freely to feast at his 'spousals.

This Count so renown'd had in Palestine fought.

And many and great were the deeds he had

wrought,

And now his own Castle benighted he sought ;—

His Castle was void, for each vassel

Had vanish'd with wine and with wassail.

II

Was never a wight in so dismal a plight,

So wasted in wealth and so weary :

The wind through the lattice was whistling all
night,

The chambers were dank and were dreary :

‘ Sad shelter in Autumn !’ quoth he ‘ But to bed !

‘ With straw underneath and the moon overhead :

‘ Far worse have I fared when I battled and bled,

‘ But never yet met with a sorrow

‘ That might not be cured on the morrow.’

III.

Thus lapt in soft slumber, as listless he lay,

A noise from beneath broke his quiet:

‘ The rats, let ’em scramble and scratch as they
may ;

‘ There’s not a crum left for their diet.’

Then lo ; at his feet like a bridegroom bedight

A pigmy so pert with his pendulous light,

As grave as an Orator turn’d to the Knight

With an air and an accent imposing—
He listen'd, but long'd to be dozing.

IV.

' Sir Count ! in your Castle we Fairies make free,
' And trust you'll forgive the transgression,
' If deeming you still were beyond the broad sea,
' We revel in solemn procession.
' And so by your favour to night we presume
' To grace the young bride, who in youth's
 bonny bloom
' Presides at our feast, if you grudge not the room,'
 The Count between sleeping and waking
 Gave welcome to their merry-making.

V.

Forth issue three horsemen equipp'd cap-a-pie
' From under the bed cavalcading ;
Then clinking and carolling all in full glee
 Little maskers and mummers parading.

Then waggon on waggon came rumbling with
store

Of goods and of gear such as monarchs of yore
For pageants and pomps to their palaces bore;

Last drawn in a car all resplendent,
The bride and each bridal attendant.

VI.

Distracted with pleasure they run to and fro,
And jostle and jockey for places:

Then in full gallopade, every belle with her beau,
They practise their airs and their graces :

There's fifeing and fiddling, and such a to-do
With whisp'ring and lisp'ing and chattering too—
They buz and they flicker, they bill and they coo.

The Count in a fever kept peeping
All night half awake and half sleeping.

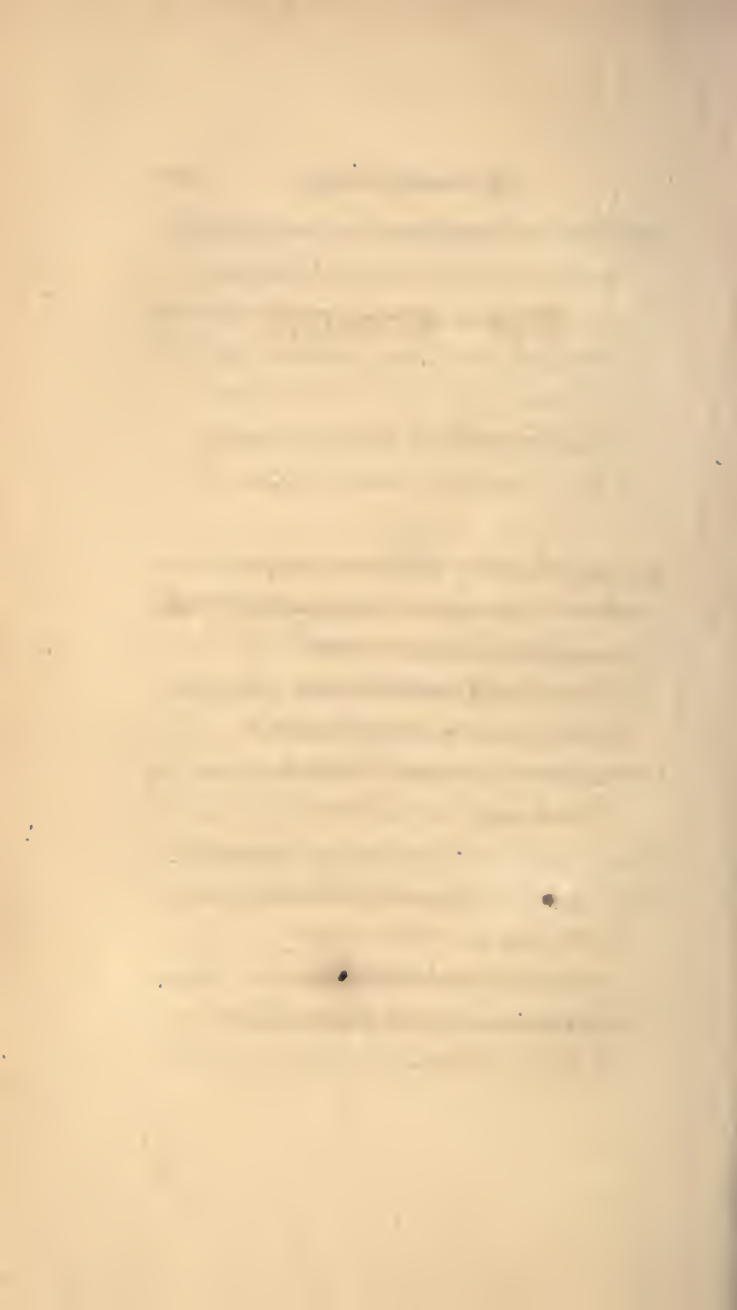
VII.

There's creaking of benches and tables and chairs,
The beakers they ring and they rattle:

The dames and the gallants, are seated in pairs,
They court, and they sport and they prattle.
Thus coupled, each guest was regaled to his wish,
With ham and with sausage, with fowl and with
fish;
Long time 'twas all rout and confusion,
Then vanish'd the tuneful delusion.

VIII.

And now, would ye hear what remains to be said,
Ye gentles, in silence be seated:
What thus was in shadow minutely pourtray'd,
In truth and at large was repeated.
The Count was betroth'd, and behold, the gay
throng
With bow and with court'sy come tripping along,
With trumpet and cymbal with dance and with
song.—
So goes the world round, and ne'er varies,
We woo and we wed like the Fairies.



The Minstrel.

I.

‘ From chain-drawn bridge to Castle-gate
‘ What sounds approach our dwelling ?
‘ Go summon to our hall of state
‘ The harp with rapture swelling.
The Monarch spake—the stripling page
Straight usher’d in a man of age—
‘ All hail! thou hoary Minstrel.’

II.

‘ And hail to you, ye ladies bright !
‘ Ye Knights renown’d in story !
‘ A host of stars, a world of light !
‘ A galaxy of glory !

‘ No time, I ween, is this to raise
‘ Mine eyes to meet the mingled blaze
‘ That darts on one poor Minstrel.’

III.

The old man clos’d his aching eyes;
But soon took heart, and chanted:
Each maid look’d down in modest wise,
Each warrior gaz’d undaunted.
Uprose the King, and call’d amain: -
‘ What ho ! bring forth a golden chain
‘ To grace the reverend Minstrel.’

IV.

‘ Gramerey ! Sire—thy chain of gold,
‘ To freeborn bard ill suited,
‘ Reserve for Knight or Baron bold
‘ In feats of arms reputed:
‘ Yon Chancellor, with cares of state
‘ Though weigh’d, may better bear the weight,
‘ Than I a merry Minstrel.

V.

- ‘ The birds that warble on the bough
‘ No fea or favour covet:
‘ The love of song is meed enow
‘ To those who truly love it.
‘ Yet might I crave a boon, be mine
‘ The jovial cup and sparkling wine,
‘ Fit largess for the Minstrel.’

VI.

- Deeply he drain’d the rich Carouse
‘Till head and heart were glowing:
‘ A blessing on your royal house
‘ With bounty overflowing!
‘ All good be thine, and when ’tis given,
‘ Remember me, and be to heaven
‘ As grateful as the Minstrel.

Song.

Thrill'd with delight, or distracted with care
Pining and ling'ring 'twixt hope and despair,
Slave in extremes to each passion that moves—
Happy alone is the mortal that loves.

The Rat Catcher.

I.

State minstrel is my style and station,
Yet I've another avocation:
For catching rats I've earn'd renown,
Where'er they swarm in field or town:
Then all good housewives who determine
To make good riddance of bad vermin,
Come fee me well, and in a trice
I'll clear your floors of rats and mice.

II.

Besides so witching is my ditty,
Both rats and brats throughout the city,
Whene'er I troll my merry lay,
In silence listen and obey:

And saucy slut and peevish pickle
All follow, when the chords I tickle.
Then fee me well, I'll school your brats,
Though pert as mice, and wild as rats.

III.

Nor yet alone with these my trade is,
I lure alike the hearts of ladies;
Where'er I travel, I've to do
With widows, wives and spinsters too:
Jilt, prude, or vixen, I can match her—
So gaily sings the sly Rat Catcher.
Then fee me well, and I'll reclaim
Your wives, and make your daughters tame.

LINES PRECEDING THE

Prologue to Faust.

I.

Once more, ye fond delusions! yet once more

Ye crowd upon me, numberless and wild,

As when ye witch'd my dazzled eyes of yore,

Say can I grasp your shadows, like a child?

Thickly ye throng, in mists pavilion'd o'er—

Then do your will; and let me be beguil'd:

Again inhale the breath ye breathe, and feel

The flush of youth o'er all my senses steal.

II.

Spirits lov'd are hovering in your train,

The sunbright visions of departed days;

First-love and friendship—faintly they retain
Traces like old traditionary lays:
Pangs long appeas'd renew their plaintive strain;
Revolve the clue of life's bewilder'd maze,
Invoke the names, and mourn their timeless doom
Whom Fortune crown'd but cozen'd of their bloom.

III.

Cold is the ear, and mute the admiring tongue
That first approv'd and listen'd to my lay:
Others now sit, where sat the kindred throng;
Their forms are fled, their echos past away.
And strangers share the sorrows of my song;
Whose very praise,—applaud me as they may,—
Sickens my heart: and all that charm'd before,—
If aught survives,—goes forth, to charm no more.

IV.

A long forgotten yearning to repose
In Faëry regions, freed from worldly care,
Seizes my soul; and tremulous, as blows

The still small whisper of Æolian air,
Tear after tear in thrilling cadence flows;
And my stern heart lays all its weakness bare.
Things present fade, like phantoms from my view,
And all the past is realiz'd anew

The Wanderer,

FROM TIEK.

I.

The night was calm, the starry sky
Was sparkling far and wide:
With silent step and tearful eye
A lonely wanderer hied.
' With heart forlorn and heaving breast,
' Alone and all astray,
' In joy or sorrow ne'er at rest,
' I wend my weary way.
' Yet there's no little golden star
' Yonder afar—
' False as the are,
' But I woo'd for my guardian star,'

II.

Sudden the vocal starbeams break

In radiance o'er the night:

He starts as one but new awake—

Still dreaming of delight.

‘ Man ! though lonely, ne’er alone,

‘ Though far, yet ever nigh:

‘ Know ’twas our light that calmly shone

‘ To still thy troubled eye.

‘ For each little golden star,

—‘ Faint as we are,

‘ And wide and far,—

‘ Is to thee as thy guardian star.’

Hope,

FROM SCHILLER.

I.

For bliss unknown each living soul
Pines in its dreams of longing:
And all for one golden heavenly goal
Are panting and pressing and thronging.
The world grows old and renews its bloom,
Yet man looks on to a better doom.

II.

Hope dawns on the cradle, and gaily bright
Around the bold stripling hovers:
It fires the youth with its witching light,
Nor sinks in the grave that covers
The grey-beard's bones; but beaming fair
Ripens the seed which he planteth there,

III.

No flattery born of an empty brain,
No bubble by fools inflated;
It knocks at the heart and cries amain,
For hereafter was man created:
The soul aspires, to a future lot,
And the voice from within belies it not.

The Minstrel's Curse,

FROM UHLAND.

I.

In days of yore a Castle rose
Majestic o'er the lee;
And glittering cast its shadows, far
Athwart the broad blue sea.

II.

And all around a garden bloom'd
Like to a garland fair;
Where springs bedight in rainbow-light
Refresh'd the flower-sweet air.

III.

There sat a haughty King, enrich'd
With lands and warlike spoil;

Grim on his throne and pale he sat,
The Tyrant of the soil.

IV.

Death darted from his eye, or lurk'd
Deep in his thoughtful mood:
His words were scourges, and his writ
The harbinger of blood.

V.

Two minstrels to the Castle came,
In sooth a noble pair:
A sage whose head was silver'd o'er,
A youth with golden hair

VI.

The old man held a harp, and sat
Calm on his comely steed:
Blithe tripp'd his partner at his side,
Light heart ! with little heed.

VII.

‘ Bestir thee now, my son! prepare,’
The reverend Elder cried:
‘ In one full master-stroke of art
‘ Breathe all a poet’s pride.

VIII.

‘ If aught of pleasure or of pain
‘ To minstrel-craft be known:
‘ Behoves us now to tax them both,
‘ To melt yon heart of stone.’

IX.

Now in the column’d hall they stand,
Where fearful in his state
The gorgeous Monarch sat enthron’d,
Beside his blooming mate.

X.

Fierce in his radiance flash’d the King,
Like blood-red northern skies;

Mild as the pale full moon, the Queen
Shed lustre from her eyes.

XI.

With wondrous art the master struck
A chord so full and clear;
That rich and richer still the strain
Came swelling on the ear.

XII.

Now streams the young voice heavenly
sweet,
With all a seraph's fire:
And now the hollow tone of age,
Boom'd like a ghostly choir.

XIII.

They sing of golden days, they sing
Of May's sweet prime of love;
Of freedom, truth and manly worth,
Of blessedness above.

XIV.

Of each delight that melts the mind,
Or fires the heart of man;
Of all that lifts the aspiring soul
Beyond this mortal span.

XV.

The courtly mockers all abash'd
Unbend the scornful brow:
The warriors veil their crested pride,
And reverently bow.

XVI.

The Queen o'ercome with ecstasy
Of passion ill suppress,
In token of her favour dropp'd
A rosebud from her breast.

XVII,

' Ye have allur'd my people's hearts;
' And would ye win my Queen?'

The Tyrant cried; and quak'd the while
For jealousy and spleen.

XVIII.

Then hurl'd his falchion at the youth,
Which, bickering as it fell,
In that melodious bosom trench'd
A deep and deadly well.

XIX.

Out gush'd the life-blood from the wound,
As sparkling fountains play;
Where late in floods of poesy
Stream'd forth the golden lay.

XX.

Aghast, as scatter'd by a storm
The trembling courtiers fly:
Sunk in his master's arms the boy
Breath'd out his latest sigh.

XXI.

The minstrel wrapt him in his cloak,
And held him on his horse;
Then straight without the Castle gate
Convey'd the bleeding corse.

XXII.

But halting at the threshold, ere
He turn'd him to depart,
Stedfast he stood, and seiz'd his harp,
The mineon of his art.

XXIII.

Against the marble pillar there
He dash'd it to the ground;
And shriek'd so loud, that hall and bower
Shrill'd horribly around.

XXIV.

' Woe to you ! proud imperial towers !
' May no sweet chord or song

‘ E’er echo at your cheerless board
‘ Or breathe your groves among.

XXV.

‘ No, let the captives stifled sigh
‘ Be all the music here:
‘ The slave’s still pace, the heavy tread
‘ That groans beneath the bier.

XXVI.

‘ Till Vengeance trample you to dust,
‘ And lay your glories low.
‘ In mouldering heaps of ruin whelm’d—
‘ A reckless overthrow.

XXVII.

‘ Woe to you! pleasant walks and springs!
‘ That flaunt in fair May-light;
‘ Look on this death-distorted face—
‘ And wither at the sight.

XXVIII.

‘ Your verdant lawns, your bright parterres,
‘ Your founts that gaily spout;
‘ Henceforth a waste with stones o’erlaid,
‘ And parch’d in barren drought.

XXIX.

‘ Woe to thee, recreant! thou scorn
‘ And curse of minstrel lore:
‘ Woe to thy blood-earn’d trophies, woe!
‘ To pomp and princely store!

XXX.

‘ Thy name forgot, thy glory sunk
‘ In night’s eternal shades:
‘ As the last wreck of fleeting clouds
‘ In twilight dimly fades.’—

XXXI.

The old man spake: the heavens gave ear;
Low lie both bower and wall:

One only column marks the spot,
Now tottering to its fall.

XXXII.

Nor shall that frail memorial long
Of foregone fame attest:
Yet but one little night, and lo!
'Tis levell'd with the rest.

XXXIII.

Around, where late the garden smil'd,
There howls a heathen land:
No tree to yield a shade, no spring
To slake the thirsty sand.

XXXIV.

No legend or heroic lay
The Tyrant's name rehearse;
In deep oblivion plung'd for aye—
Such is the Minstrel's Curse.

The Fatal Tournament.

I.

With buckler and blade all bravely array'd
Seven Knights so free and gay,
For honour, and love of a royal maid
Rode forth to the King's Tournay.

II.

They look'd upon tower, and they look'd upon wall,
And they listen'd and heard a bell:
Seven candles they saw in the kingly hall,
Where faintly their pale light fell.

III.

And it fell on the pall and it fell on the bier,
Where Adelheide lifeless lay:

And the King at the head of his daughter dear
Sat wailing night and day.

IV.

‘ Beshrew me! now ’ quoth Sir Degenwerth,
‘ That ever I journey’d here:
‘ Or gall’d my good steed with buckle and girth,
‘ Or burden’d with shield and spear.’

V.

Thereat young Adelbert boldly spake;
‘ Twere shame to grudge and repine:
‘ I hold a King’s Daughter a worthy stake
‘ For life and all that’s mine.’

VI

‘ Nay, hie we home’ Sir Walter cried:
—A stalwart Knight was he,
‘ To tilt for a corse no profit or pride
‘ I hold to our Chivalry.’

VII.

Out spake Sir Adelbert: ' Yea she is dead,
 ' Yet lives there no form so fair:
' A chaplet she wears of roses red,
 ' And a ring of gold-work rare.'

VIII.

Then down to the battle-lists they sped,
 These Seven free Knights so gay:
And there so fiercely fought and bled,
 That Six all lifeless lay.

IX.

And the Seventh was brave Sir Adelbert
 The vanquisher of them all:
So pale from his horse with many a hurt
 He sprung to the kingly hall.

X.

One candle now gleam'd in the chamber drear,
 Where seven had burn'd before:

And it glanc'd on his mail as the Knight drew near,
And it glar'd in his face, as he touch'd the bier
And it flicker'd on wall and floor.

XI.

He took the chaplet of roses red,
And the ring of gold-work rare;
Then fell on the bier as pale and dead
As the corse of his lady fair.

XII.

The King in sable weeds did mourn,
And the bell toll'd night and day:
And Six free Knights to the grave were borne,
From the lists of that sad Tournay.

XIII.

And the Seventh was Adelbert the brave,
With his lov'd Adelheide:
Beneath one stone, in one cold grave
They slumber side by side.

Little Roland.

I.

The Lady Bertha sat beneath
A cave in deep despair:
And little Roland on the heath
Outrovd the mountain air.

II.

‘ O Charlemagne ! my brother dear !
‘ Thy wrath falls sore on me :
‘ And now I rue with many a tear
‘ That e’er I fled from thee.

III.

‘ O Count Milan ! for love of thee
 ‘ My husband brave, I fled—
‘ And love as fast hath fled from me—
 ‘ The waves roll o’er thy head.

IV.

‘ Come little Roland ! for in thee
 ‘ Is all my glory now :
‘ My little Roland ! come to me,
 ‘ My only stay art thou.

V.

‘ Go beg me bread from door to door,
 ‘ And whosoe’er shall lend
‘ A little from his ample store,
 ‘ To God in Heaven commend.’

VI.

‘ Mother ! I was not born to whine
 ‘ Like beggar on the way :

‘ But I will rob, ’ere thou shalt pine,
‘ The lion of his prey.’

VII.

At table sat King Charles the great ;
His pages here and there
Were hurrying in his hall of state,
With cup and costly fare.

VIII.

Each heart was cheer’d with harp and flute,
And vocal roundelay :
To Bertha’s cavern lone and mute
No warbled echos stray.

IX.

In court and corridore without
The lusty beadsmen feed:
And as they freely drink about,
Nor harp nor flute they heed.

X.

The King look'd out upon the throng,
And mark'd their boisterous joy :
When struggling through the midst along
Forth rush'd a comely boy.

XI.

Clad in a suit embroider'd o'er
With twice twain colours gay ;
Straight from the beggar-crowded door
Hallward he bent his way.

XII.

Athwart the hall, as 'twere his own,
Trode Roland free and gay :
And seiz'd a dish hard by the throne,
And bravely bore away.

XIII.

The monarch mused—' What's here to do ?
' A passing strange conceit !'

The Courtiers deem'd it somewhat new,
But none forbad the feat.

XIV.

And in a little space the boy
Return'd, nor spake a word;
But seiz'd like some accustomed toy,
A goblet from the board.

XV.

'Holla! let be, thou saucy wight!'
The King in anger cried:
Young Roland grasp'd the goblet tight,
And frown'd with scornful pride.

XVI.

And fiercely frowned the King, but soon
Laugh'd out in spite of spleen:
'Thou treads't my royal hall, thou loon!
'Free as the woodland green.

XVII.

‘Thou pluck’st the charger from a king,
‘Like apple from the tree:
‘And draw’st, as from a water-spring
‘My wine right merrily.’

XVIII.

‘The peasant crone may pluck the tree,
‘And drain the water-springs;
‘My Lady-mother banquets free,
‘And quaffs the cup of kings.’

XIX.

‘And is thy dam so nobly styl’d
‘So richly fed pardie!
‘Where holds she then her state, my child!
‘Her board and livery?

XX.

‘Say on—who hands the cup in hall?
‘Who decks her table bright?’—

‘ My left hand is her Seneschal,
‘ Her Cupbearer my right,’

XXI.

‘ Say on—what minstrel’s merry round
‘ Exalts her costly cheer?’—
‘ My lips with youth’s red roses crown’d
‘ Make music to her ear.’

XXII.

‘ Say on—who mounts her royal guard?’—
‘ These jealous young blue eyes
‘ By day and night keep watch and ward,
‘ Against her enemies.’

XXIII.

‘ In sooth well lackied is the dame:
‘ Whoe’er her livery views,
‘ Must needs confess her colours shame
‘ The rainbow’s radiant hues.’—

XXIV.

‘ Four youths from Aachen’s quarter’s four
‘ I tax for rich array;
‘ With twice twain colours broider’d o’er,
‘ My mother’s livery gay.’

XXV.

‘ This wondrous lady, well I ween,
‘ Retains a mineon rare:
‘ And holds, as fits the gipsy-queen,
‘ Free board in open air.

XXVI.

‘ A dame so noble and so free
‘ With Kings should make resort:
‘ What ho ! three lords and ladies three
‘ Conduct her to our court.’

XXVII.

Three lords and ladies straight obey
The mandate of their lord:

And little Roland bears away
The cup for Bertha's board.

XXVIII.

And in a little space the King
Look'd out, and lo ! again
Three lords and dames came journeying
With Bertha in their train.

XXIX

On Roland's neck the mourner bow'd
Her sorrow-drooping head :
' Mother ! look up : plead out aloud '
The gallant stripling said.

XXX.

' Now heaven defend ! ' cried Charlemagne
' If rightly we divine,
' We've rudely mock'd with foul disdain
' Our own Imperial line.

XXXI.

‘ My sister Bertha ! heaven defend !
‘ Here in our hall of state
‘ In pilgrim’s weeds with staff in hand,
‘ Like beggar at the gate.’

XXXII.

Then pale as form of marble fair
She fell upon the floor:
Grim look’d the King with angry glare,
And ancient grudge full sore.

XXXIII.

While speechless round his knee she clung,
Young Roland he ne’er quail’d;
But with clear eye and dauntless tongue
His royal uncle hail’d.

XXXIV.

‘ Arise, my gentle sister !’ spake
The King in accent mild:

‘ We grant thee pardon for the sake
‘ Of this thy noble child.’

XXXV.

Dame Bertha rose and ‘ Brother dear !’
She cried with heart full light;
‘ The royal grace vouchsafed here
‘ Young Roland shall requite.

XXXVI.

‘ Shall like his glorious sovereign stand
‘ Renown’d in tented field:
‘ And trophies won in many a land
‘ Emblazon on his shield.

XXXVII.

‘ In many a monarch’s dish and bowl
‘ Shall dip his daring hand:
‘ And like his mother’s sorrowing soul
‘ Exalt his Mother-land.’

The Gallows at Posen.

I.

There stood a tree of yore
In spring ne'er known to blow :
And bitter fruit it bore,
To glut the carrion crow.

II.

No loving hand the bark
Inscribed to deathless fame :
The hangman stamp'd his mark
On each degraded name.

III.

His hat the passer by
Deep o'er his forehead drew :

'Twas poison to his eye,
To meet the ghastly view.

IV.

—But such a tree, now crown'd
With white and crimson bloom,
On Posen's border-ground
Defies the wintry gloom.

V.

In vain the watchman wakes
—Though rais'd in Poland's scorn,
Though daily plucked,—it makes
New blossoms, ere the morn.

VI.

What though the headsman trace
The patriot's honoured name;
As if his birth to grace,
Each wears a flowery frame.

VII.

Umimsky foremost there
Stands forth—a name ne'er read
But with a silent prayer
And brow unbonneted.

VIII.

Yea ! though their hats on high
A hundred Gessler's rear ;
No slavish zeal could vie
With that heart offer'd *here*.

The Song of the Sword.

FROM THEODORE KÖRNER.

SOLDIER.

My Sword ! what means the lustre
Of rays that round thee clustre ?
So brightly wild they blaze,
I'm raptur'd as I gaze.

Hurrah !

SWORD.

The patriot hand that strains me
In Freedom's cause retains me,
How should I stint to shine
On prowess proud as thine.

Hurrah !

SOLDIER.

Yea I am free ; and never
Till death our bond dissever,
Will I, my trusty bride !
Divorce thee from my side.

Hurrah !

SWORD.

Of virgin steel unspotted,
In life and death allotted,
Fit bride for warrior's arms,
To thee I yield my charms.

Hurrah !

SOLDIER.

The roar of cannon spreading
Shall harbinger our wedding :
And mid the trumpet's bray
I'll bear my love away.

Hurrah !

SWORD.

O blest are those embraces
Alone, which honour graces ;

Then Warrior ! haste to crown
Our union with renown.

Hurrah !

SOLDIER.

Why in thy scabbard rattling,
As foremost to be battling ;
Dost thou, my trusty glaive !
Cry havoc to the brave ?

Hurrah !

SWORD.

Within the sheath I'm clanking,
Impatient to be ranking ;
With heroes, brave Hussar !
Athirst for feats of war.

Hurrah !

SOLDIER.

Be still, proud spirit ! swelling
Beyond thy narrow dwelling :
Awhile in peace abide,
Anon I'll claim my bride.

Hurrah !

SWORD.

Nay, tarry not ; I'm longing
With foemen to be thronging
The garden grim, where blows
Death—like a blood-red rose.

Hurrah !

SOLDIER.

O thou, whose flash amazes,
Each eye that on thee gazes,
Come forth, I charge thee, come
To my forefather's home.

Hurrah !

SWORD.

'Tis joy, releas'd from prison
To view the broad horizon ;
And flashing sunbeams feel
Glanced from my bickering steel.

Hurrah !

SOLDIER.

Late to the left side braided,
Like lawless wife degraded,

The true-betrothed brand,
Now weds the better hand,

Hurrah !

And say, brave Cavaleiros !
The flower of Saxon heroes !
Throbs not with manly pride
Each heart to seize his bride ?

Hurrah !

Let each strong hand environ
His lusty bride of iron ;
And woe and foul disgrace,
Betide the faint embrace.

Hurrah !

Ring out, till sparks are brightning
Thy blade, like flakes of lightning ;
Ring out our wedding peal,
Hurrah ! thou bride of steel.

Hurrah !

The Soldier's Cloak.

I.

Full thirty years, old friend !—for now
In sooth thou'rt worn and old :—
Like brothers have we fared together,
And I have braved both war and weather
Beneath thy friendly fold.

II.

And many a live-long night we've lain
Drench'd in the wintry storm :
With thee my heart each hope divided
Each secret care to thee confided,
While thou didst wrap me warm.

III.

No habler thou of thoughts reveal'd,
But guardian safe and true :
Be still the same, *unpatch'd*—though riven
By dint of ball and blast of heaven,—
Nor turn *old* friend to *new*.

IV.

Think not I mock thy worth; nor deem
My love an idle lay:
Lo ! but for thee, the cannon's thunder,
That reft my faithful cloak asunder,
Had mark'd me for its prey.

V.

And when the fated ball at last
This loyal heart hath found ;
Be thou my shroud—I crave no other,—
And share, as brother shares with brother,
For grave the battle-ground.

VI.

There, as enfolded close, we lie,

From storm and stour at rest :

The Arch-angel's trump shall break our slumber.

—O may that dread reveillè number

My garments with the blest!

Changes and Chances,

FROM KOTZEBUE.

I.

This life with its changes and chances
Like the moon only waxes to wain;
And Time's fleeting blossom advances,
To fade like the flowers of the plain.

II.

Full many before us have perish'd,
Who liv'd to laugh sorrow away:
Farewell ! may their memory be cherish'd.
Long after they moulder in clay.

III.

And many like us will hereafter
Devote the gay moments to mirth:
And couple with wine and with laughter
Our names, when we slumber in earth.

IV.

Our life in sweet fellowship flowing
Each ill by partaking, redress'd:
And, doubled each bliss by bestowing—
Ah ! thus might we ever be blest !

V.

But trust not these chances and changes,
Snatch quickly the joys that are given:
Ere Fate blows a blast that reverses
Our course from each quarter of heaven.

VI

Yet Fate, though our lot it disperses,
Draws closer the bands of the heart:

And each gale that bears greeting, reverses
The doom that compels us to part.

VII.

And if mid these changes and chances,
We meet round the wine-cup again,
We shall bless the glad hour that enhances
Each pleasure, and cancels each pain.

The Switzer's Home.

I.

Woeful heart! with sorrow swelling,
 Why that ceaseless well-a-day?
Fair, though foreign, is thy dwelling;
 Woeful heart! what ails thee, say.—

II.

Say what ails me? why so listless?—
 Reft of all content I roam:
Fair the land, but strange and blissless,
 Land that ne'er can be my home.

III.

Home! where young and free I sported,
 Home! wert thou once more my lot!

Peace and joy now vainly courted,
Dwell but in my native cot.

IV.

Woeful heart ! thou'rt sunk within me
Freely give thy sorrow sway:
Nought but heaven to peace can win me;
Heaven ! direct my homeward way.

The Nightly Review,

ZEDLITZ.

I.

'Tis midnight on the burial ground !—

Upstarts a troubled soul:

The Drummer walks his wonted round,

And beats the solemn roll.

II.

The hollow drum and fleshless arm

Keep time and measure true:

Hark ! the Reveille's stern alarm,

Hark to the wild tattoo !

III.

With strange and startling sound the drum
Rolls o'er the soldier's grave:
And forth in grim batallion come
The spectres of the brave!

IV.

They who in thick-ribb'd ice and snow
All stark and stiffen'd lay:
And they who sickening sunk below
Hesperia's sultry clay.

V.

Or whelm'd beneath Arabian sands,
Or in the noisome Nile;
Each from his grave awaking stands
In armed rank and file.—

VI.

'Tis midnight!—From the battle-plain,
As at the Doom's last sound,

Upsprings the Trumpeter amain,
And rides his destin'd round.

VII.

Then with light lance and firm cuirass
Each on his airy steed,
The gory greybeard squadrons pass,
Those veterans good at need.

VIII.

Clutch'd in their bony fingers glance,
Their long swords held on high:
As grinning from their helms askance
They scowl with sightless eye.—

IX.

'Tis midnight !—from his tomb below
The Chief of yon pale host
With all his staff comes pacing slow,
To take his warlike post.

X.

A little hat bedecks his head,
A little sword his thigh:
A plain grey cloak around him spread
Is all his panoply.

XI.

All white beneath the moon's wan rays
The plains extended lie:
He of the little hat surveys
The troops with practis'd eye.

XII.

The troops present in lengthen'd line,
Their arms of clashing steel:
The scatter'd columns now combine,
And now successive wheel.

XIII.

Marshall and mounted cavalier
Close circle round their lord:

✱

N

The nearest with a greedy ear
Catches the whisper'd word.

XVI.

That magic word of high control
Resounds from file to file:
' France ' is the watchword, the parole
Is ' St. Helena's Isle.'

XXV.

O'er half the globe when midnight reigns,
This is the grand parade
Held on the blest Elysian plains
By great Napoleon's shade.

Barbarossa in Kyffhäuser,

FROM RÜCKERT.

I.

Old Frederick the Kaisir—

Barbarossa the renown'd

In his Castle of Kyffhäuser

Lies enchanted underground.

II.

He is not dead, but sleepeth

The mystic sleep of Eld:

And his kingdom's glory keepeth

In long abeyance held.

III.

His kingdom's fame in story
Lies slumbering in his tomb:
With him to rise in glory,
When Time fulfils the doom.

IV.

In ivory lustre shining
High towers the monarch's throne:
His bearded chin reclining
On a slab of marble stone.

V.

His reverend beard descending
Grows matted to the bed:
The snow white marble blending
With streaks of fiery red.

VI.

His hand the sceptre clencheth;
The nails to talons grown,

Whose edge like iron trenchèth
Through sinew, flesh, and bone.

VII.

He nods, as one that dreameth,
Half opes his twinkling eye:
And becks a Page, who seemeth
To wait his will hard by.

VIII.

And dreaming thus he mutters:
‘ Look out, thou dwarf ! and say ;
‘ If the carrion crow still flutters
‘ Around the mountain grey.

IX.

‘ If o’er yon headland haunted
‘ The old crow peeps and peers,
‘ Then here I lie enchanted
‘ Another hundred years.’

The Richest Prince,

JUSTIN KERNER.

I.

At ancient Worms' imperial diet
Prince and Peer opponent stand:
High in speech and flush'd with riot,
Boasting each his native land.

II.

' Rich and glorious are my mountains,'
Cried the Saxon Prince, ' where shines
' Silver bright as sparkling fountains
' Bosom'd deep in pregnant mines.'

III.

‘ Luscious hills, luxuriant valleys
 ‘ Golden corn and rosy wine
‘ Burst my garners, brim my chalice’
 Cried the Palzgraf of the Rhine.

IV.

Louis of Bavaria vaunted:

 ‘ Mine are domes and turrets high:
‘ Minsters where the Mass is chanted,
 ‘ Munich’s might and majesty.’

V.

Bearded Everard spake: ‘ Behold me
 ‘ Würtemburgh’s well loved lord:
‘ No proud city’s walls enfold me,
 ‘ No bright ore my lands afford.’

VI.

‘ Yet there flames a jewel, treasur’d
 ‘ In my Father-land, where I

‘ Safe ’mid woods and wilds unmeasur’d
‘ On each subject’s lap might lie.’

VII.

Then Bavaria’s lord all-glorious,
Saxon proud, and Palatine
Cry: ‘ thou bearded chief victorious!
‘ Yea the gem of gems is thine.’

VIII.

And the Crowned Kaisir rising
Shouts amain—‘ A health! a health!
‘ To Count Everard—justly prizing
‘ Loyalty! the Monarch’s wealth!’

The Pilgrim of St. Justin.

COUNT PLATEN.

Night falls apace—the storm begins to roar—

Monk of St. Justin ope the Convent door.

Here let me rest, till slumbering in my cell

I start admonish'd by the matin-bell.

Whate'er your forms prescribe of bed or fare,

And cloister weeds and funeral rite—prepare :

One little Cell is all I crave, who late

Held half the world a vassal to my state.

These brows by priestly shears ignobly shorn,

Full many a royal diadem have worn :

Imperial ermine clad these limbs, that now

Beneath the cowl in meek devotion bow,

Doom'd to a living death this mortal clay

Like my old empire totters to decay.

Walpurgis-Night.

HÄRING.

- ‘ O Mother ! last night the winds blew wild,’
‘ Yea ! tis the first of May, my child !’
‘ And the thunder roll’d on the Hartz high-hill,’
‘ Twas the weir’d woman’s cauldron—tis reeking
still.’
‘ O mother a witch I could ne’er abide,’
‘ Yet tis a chance that may oft betide.’
‘ Marry ! to meet one side by side
‘ In our village, dear Mother, do Witches dwell ?’
‘ And nearer at home, I warrant well !’
‘ But mother ! how mounts the witch from below ?’
‘ My child on a cloud of smoking tow :’
‘ And how, Mother, how doth the foul hag ride ?’
‘ On the stick of a charmed broom astride.’

- ‘ Last night many brooms in our village were seen,’
‘ And many there were on the Brocken Green,’
‘ All night they were smoking their tow at
Schorstein,’
‘ At least there was one, I may well divine,’
‘ Thy broom it was not in its niche, last night,’
‘ Belike to the Hartz it had taken flight!’
‘ And thy bed it was empty,’ ‘Thy dam, my son,
‘ Was dancing last night with the Evil One.’

The Unfortunate Ladies,

FROM GELLERT.

Whilom in Greece—so runs the story—
Inflam'd by wrath, and spurr'd by glory
A vanquish'd town the barbarous foe
Besieg'd and threaten'd to o'erthrow ;
Lay'd all the burghers under ban,
And swore he'd slay them every man.

Heavens! what a burst of anguish rose !
What tongue can tell the women's woes ?
A thousand women !—entre nous
I tremble at the voice of two.

Their eyes all red with weeping glare,
They ring their hands—they rend their hair,

Prone, at the victor's feet they fall,
And cry for mercy one and all,
Of all the thousand, not one wife
But pray'd to save her husband's life.

Not one of all the thousand?—No—
That's much—and yet it might be so :
No doubt 'twas in the age of gold
Whereof such miracles are told.—

Remorseless as he was, the Chief
Was touch'd by this bewitching grief ;
For who, though ten times a barbarian,
—E'en though her name might not be

Marian

Would not in some degree relent,
When any lady makes lament ?

Had I been in the General's plight
It would have broke my heart outright ;
Beset by beauty in battalions,
Like Orpheus by the Bacchanalians ;
A bard susceptible and mild
I should have whimper'd like a child ;

And for one husband, with a heigho!
Thrown in to boot a Cicisbeo.

But he, the stormer of our city,
Alas ! was not so prone to pity.

‘ Ye fair ! ’ quoth he—the old campaigner
Though of the sex a stern disdainer,
Knew well, whate’er they else might be,
Ladies *are* fair by courtesy—

‘ Ye fair ! I bow to your petition
‘ But harkye ! under this condition;
‘ That ye deliver up your alls—
‘ Robes, jewels, trinkets, lace, and shawls.
‘ Whoe’er retains a single jot
‘ Loses her husband on the spot.’

Say, did not this their purpose shake ?

What ! forfeit all for one man’s sake !

What all !—to lay down such a law !—

Oh ! the implacable Basha !

What boots it that he call’d them fair

Yet stripp’d them of their feathers bare ?

However—far from any quarrel,
They gladly doff'd their whole apparel,
Caps, bonnets, brooches, rings, and toys
They held a trifling counterpoise,
For husbands sav'd—not worth a tustle
Though stript to very stays and *bustle*.

Yet even this was not enough—
The veteran frown'd and still look'd gruff,
As one suspicious of some trick,
Being himself a Benedick,
And therefore naturally loth
To take their word except on oath:

An oath was taken none should dare,
By whimpering, wheedling, fit, or prayer
Solicit for a single item
For all their forfeits to requite 'em;
'Twas on these terms and these alone
Each Jack was handed to his Joan.
O what delight ! what fits and fainting !
What raptures !—past all poet's painting—
When hand to hand and breast to breast
And lip to lip were fondly prest. —

The foe retreats—the dames look round
Triumphant on the battle ground:
Bravo !—But gentle reader, hold,
One half the story's only told.

Few days had flown, when all again
Was consternation, grief, and pain !
The Ladies took it so to heart
From all their glittering gear to part;
And ah ! to aggravate the curse,
To break an oath was something worse—
Grief rankles in their very veins;
The cause conceal'd augments their pains:
They sink beneath the weight of woe,
And in a fortnight's space or so
Nine hundred of the thousand die—
—Fie on the naughty General, fie !—

The Fortunate Marriage.

I.

Thanks, gentle Hymen! I have seen
What most I sought, and most I ween
On earth a pattern rare:
From matrimonial trouble free,
And blest with truth and harmony
A truly loving pair !

II.

Both souls one sentiment inspir'd,
She only wish'd what he desir'd;
He loath'd what she declin'd:
The cares of life perplex'd them not,
And what might be another's lot
Ne'er broke their peace of mind.

III.

Each selfish thought his heart disdain'd:
In her's nor pride nor folly reign'd;
And neither strove to sway:
Yet both prevail'd by mere concession,
And quarrell'd too, without aggression
All in a loving way.

VI.

As ere we wed, we wisely hide
From either eye the weaker side,
And feign through pure affection;
So in their softest hours of wooing
Their very billing and their cooing
Endanger'd no detection.

V.

Their latest day their latest kiss
Vied with their first in perfect bliss:
And farther would'st thou seek;
They died—but when?—aye there's the doubt
—Reader ! alas ! the truth will out—
Ere wedded quite a week.

Hebe,

FROM LANGBEIN.

I.

Hebe ! lo ! all nature resting
 Seeks repair from daily toil:
Clouds in azure veil investing
 Drench with dew the teeming soil.
The nest-loving warblers are slinking
 To roost in each sheltering brake;
The Sun sets in gold, and in sinking,
 Reflects his last tints on the lake.

II.

Thus my day of life in sadness
 Sinks involv'd in twilight gloom:

Thus subsides the voice of gladness
Hush'd to silence in the tomb.
My faith by thy love unrequited,
I wander in desolate glades;
My cheek like the fruit-blossom blighted,
Mine eye like the moonbeam that fades.

III.

By a lone brook wildly springing
Late I cull'd a rosy wreath;
Where the rash intruder stinging,
Lurk'd an envious thorn beneath.
This emblem, dear Hebe discloses
The flowers that life's garden adorn;
On thee to bestow all its roses
Contented I'd bear every thorn.

Remembrance.

I.

How blest were the days, when together
We journey'd in youth's jocund weather,
Our ringlets with garlands entwin'd :
Our hands and our hearts undivided,
Our bark down the Rhine gently glided,
Whose course was unruffled by wind.

II.

The planets shower'd down their mild lustre,
Reflecting in silvery clustre
Their gleams in the crystal below :
The streams grassy bank caught a glimmer
From westward, as dimmer and dimmer
Fast faded the Sun's parting glow.

III.

Our hymns with harmonious numbers
Broke sweetly the peace breathing slumbers
Of Eve, as we floated along.
My hand swept the chords, to whose measure
Thy voice gave a rapturous pleasure,
That hallow'd the heavenly song.

IV.

The soft warbled notes fondly aided,
Remembrance to trace, ere they faded,
The Chronicles fabled of old:
And we hail'd the blest age, when descending
Immortals with mortals were blending
An age of Saturnian gold.

The Giants & the Pigmies

RÜCKERT.

I.

Down stepp'd the Giant's Daughter from Castle-
keep and Fort—

Where sat the Giant-father, and watch'd her
wanton sport.

And there a pigmy ploughman behind the plough
she found,

And eke a team of oxen, a tilling of the ground.

Both oxen, plough, and ploughman—'twas nothing
of a weight—

She swept into her apron, and sought the Castle-
gate,

The Father-giant wondering cried, ' Child ! what
hast thou there.'

Quoth she ' A dainty plaything, as e'er was bought
at fair,

The Giant look'd and gravely—said ' fie ! 'twas
idly done,

' Go place them, where you found 'em in order
every one.

' Should pigmies in the valley e'er cease to plough
and plant,

' We giants on the mountain must starve for very
want.'

The Shepherd's Hymn.

UHLAND.

I.

This is thy Sabbath Lord !—
Alone I pace the boundless plain—
But one bell tolls—and now again
'Tis silence all around.

II.

Here bend, my suppliant knee !—
O rapturous thrill ! mysterious sound !
Spirits unseen are hovering round,
To kneel and pray with me.

O

III.

Yon Heaven so clear and broad
A flood of solemn glory pours;
As if 'twould ope its golden doors,
To hail thy Sabbath—Lord!

Ode to the Redeemer.

KLOPSTOCK,

The choir of full-voic'd Seraphim, the vast
Empyrean Firmament of Heaven,
From centre to circumference doth quake
And falter, praising Thee,
Son of the Almighty!—
—Ah! what am I, that I should press
Into their awful throng;
And dull with unavailing oraison
Their everlasting Jubilee?—
Dust of the dust. Yet this corruptible
Doth an immortal habitant

Higher and holier of descent enshrine;
Thinking such thoughts, that they o'erteem,
And thrill and shudder in their ecstasy
Through all this world of man.—

—Yet thou—poor earth-built tabernacle! thou too,
That merely do'st the Soul o'ershadow,
Shall not for aye in cold obstruction rot ;
But like a giant over-quaff'd,
And reeling from the full carouse,
Shalt feel another shuddering come o'er thee;
And drunk, but not with wine, start up
E'en where thou liest low.—
Yea ! where we slept—on life's vast theatre,
As our forefather Adam erst
A living soul in God's own image stood ;
E'en so shall we, his progeny
Fresh from the All-Creator's hand anew
Rush with a shout exulting.—

O mighty Field ! immeasurably throng'd

With Saints, that in thy chasms have slept,
From the first rising of the Day-star, down
To his last setting! when shall I behold
Thy multitudinous Convocation?—

—When shall mine eyes with tears of rapture swell
The flood interminable, streaming o'er
From thrice ten thousand water springs? Flow on
Dull season of oblivion!
Whether for hours or centuries, flow on
To Resurrection: wherefore do I linger
This side the grave? O hour serene! O death!
Thou gentle playmate of repose
Uninterruptible, all hail!—

—And thou! where art thou? ever coveted,
But still untrodden field,
That do'st mature the incorruptible seed
To endless incorruption.
There let me hie, where sunk in dreamy rest
Mine eyes may gaze upon the spot

Where thy sweet harvest-flowers are waving o'er
me—

—There lay me down and die.

O hope of boundless prospect! to the just
Made perfect! O thrice bless'd! the hour
When in thy last-death-struggle, O my soul!
Thou shalt exult victorious :
What triumph with that Victory shall compare
—What bliss with that beatitude?—

Bolder and holier than this voice of man
Shall with the throne-encircling host
Of Angels and Arch-Angels glorify
Thee, best of woman-born,—in whom
My Soul doth live and have its being, Thee
Son of the everlasting Father!—

Yet would I live awhile—live to work out
My life's sole purpose—Praise of Thee—
Then rise exultant in the accomplish'd song,*

* The Messiad.

Soaring on lofty pinion far beyond
The confines of mortality.

O Thou, my gracious Master ! that didst speak
As never man spake ; Thou that teachest
With all authority, shew me thy way,
The path of life and joy, whereof
Prophets and Saints, thy harbingers of old
To our fore-fathers sang.—

Fair is yon heaven ! But in these ends of time
Benighted, scanty may I trace
Thy footsteps far away : yet from on high
Thy light, a lantern to my feet,
Beams down. . and lo ! mine eyes behold
them,
And my soul thirsts ; not for that fleeting breath
Misnamed immortality ;
It pants, it wrestles for that palm at thy
Right hand, which for the spirits *indeed*
Immortal, blooms for evermore.—

Shew me where waves that glorious palm, my yet
Far distant goal: and higher and higher still,
When most aspiring, elevate my thoughts
To that bold eminence, where Truth
Based on the adamantine rock of Eld
Sits Everlastingly—That I
From age to age an echo to mankind
Of those immortal Hallelujahs,
May charm each ear; and with devoted hand
Take of the Altar's fire a spark
To touch the hearts and sanctify the souls
Of the redeem'd for ever.

Arion,

FROM A. W. SCHLEGEL.

Beneath Arion's Master-hand
The Lute a living soul exhal'd :
A welcome won in every land,
And each delighted ear regal'd.
And now from old Tarentum's Bay,
Rich with the meed of many a Lay,
The wandering Bard to Corinth sailed.

II.

For Corinth's high and mighty Lord
Sage Periander held him dear;
And vainly thus, ere while, implor'd:

‘ Content thee, friend ! to harbour here,
‘ Who much hath gain’d hath much to lose ;
‘ Tempt not thy fate; but wisely chuse
‘ My hearth, my hall and royal cheer.’

III.

‘ Check not ’—Arion thus replied—
‘ The Minstrel-spirit wild and free:
‘ Far let me roam, and scatter wide
‘ The gifts, that Heaven hath shower’d on me.
‘ Thousands the gracious boon shall share—
‘ And Oh ! the bliss, at last to wear
‘ The crown of conscious Mastery !’

IV.

The second morn, as forth he steers,
Wafted by balmy winds along:
‘ O Periander, cease thy fears,
‘ I come ’ he cried, with mirth and song,
‘ To soothe thy soul: each holy shrine
‘ We’ll heap with incense, pledge with wine
‘ And revel midst thy social throng.’

V.

Propitious still the wind and tide

And skies unclouded cheer'd the way:

No treacherous storms the calm belied,

But man more faithless far than they.

Hankering around, the greedy crew

Near and more near his coffers drew,

Then rudely thus beset their prey.

VI.

‘Thou diest, Arion!—Chuse thy doom—

‘An earthly pit or watery grave;

‘Or, if thou reck’st not of a tomb.

‘Betake thee to yon yawning wave.’

In vain he sues for mercy: ‘Hold!

‘For blood I freely barter gold—

‘Life’s but a worthless prize to crave.’

VII.

‘Nay—nay—thou ramblest hence no more:

‘Too dear and dangerous is thy head:

‘ Nor safe, I ween, were ours, before
‘ Great Periander’s presence led.—
‘ And little boots to us thy gold,
‘ When thou thy babbling tale hast told,
‘ And we afar for terror fled.’

VIII.

Yet grant me—since no prayers avail
‘ To avert my doom—that I may die,
‘ E’en as I’ve liv’d, within the pale
‘ And priesthood of my mystery.
‘ And when I’ve warbled out my last,
‘ And all I priz’d on earth is past,
Ah! then to life and lute goodbye !’

IX.

That prayer had sham’d, if shame could dwell
In groveling hearts—their base desire:
Yet their wild mood it suited well
To listen to so fam’d a lyre:
‘ And would ye hear—then grant ‘ he cried

‘ That first I don my robes of pride,
‘ Else breathes my Lay no godlike fire.’

X.

His comely form the youth array’d
In garments glorious to behold;
The purple stole with gold o’erlaid
Flows to his feet in many a fold:
His arms the sparkling bangles deck,
And from his brows, o’er cheek and neck
The wreathed locks ambrosial roll’d.

XI.

His left-hand holds the lyre—his right
The Plectrum tipp’d with ivory glow;
As blazing in the morning-light
He quaffs the gales, that round him blow.
The guilty crew start back amaz’d,
As dauntless from the deck he gaz’d
Upon the deep blue gulph below.

XII.

And thus he sang: ‘ Come thou my Lyre !

‘ Sweet yokemate of the vocal lay.

‘ Through shadowy realms and torturing fire;

‘ For thou cans’t quell the Hell-hound’s bay.

‘ E’en now, ye blest Elysian shades !

‘ I greet you, where in peaceful glades

‘ Beyond the olivious ford ye stray.

XIII.

‘ Ah ! could ye recompense my woe !

‘ Could aught for friendship’s loss atone !

‘ Orpheus in vain reclaim’d below

‘ The love his lyre had won—’tis flown

‘ For ever—like a fleeting dream:

‘ And he the Sun’s unwelcome beam

‘ Curses with unavailing moan.

XIV.

‘ ’Tis done—and I must hence away—

‘ But tremble, yea turn pale, ye slaves !

‘ Dear shall ye rue this fatal day—
‘ The Gods look down on good men’s graves,
‘ Ye Nereids ! guard your helpless guest,
‘ A claim by Gods and men confest.’—
He said, and plung’d into the waves.

XV.

High o’er his head the billows close,
The shipmen fearless ply the oar:
When lo ! a Dolphin gently rose,
As though allur’d by magic lore;
And curv’d his scaly back beneath,
And bore him, ere he ceas’d to breathe,
Far onward to the friendly shore.—

XVI.

Though the wild roar of Ocean rude
Is all that Nature did ordain
Of music to the voiceless brood,
The Dolphin loyes a gentler strain:
And oft with longing eye will gloat,

Witch'd by the Fisher's wily note,
And spring from out his native main.

XVII.

Thus the mute man-befriending guide
 Wafts the lov'd Bard: Triumphant he
Held high the glittering harp, and plied
 With cunning hand and fancy free:
 The little waves around them leap,
 Rippling o'er all the broad blue deep
Enamour'd of his minstrelsy.

XVIII.

And where the friendly Dolphin bore
 Amphion, there the Wonder, trac'd
In monumental brass of yore
 The Isthmian rock conspicuous grac'd:
 And when they parted on the strand,
 This for the ocean, that for land,
His gentle guide the Bard embrac'd.

XIX.

‘ Farewell ! ’ he cried, ‘ than man more true,
‘ Yet ah ! from man by fate’s decree
‘ Dissociate ! me the billows blue
‘ Admit not; Earth is death to thee,
Hie thee to Galatea’s car:
Thy pride her pomps and trophies are,
Bright mirror’d in the glassy sea.

XX.

And now he carols, as he roams,
Blithe as at first o’er hill and plain:
Now hails the towers and glittering domes
Of many a fair Corinthian fane.
All ills in Love and Joy forgot,
His plunder’d pelf afflicts him not,
His Friend and trusty Lyre remain.

XXI.

‘ Friend of my heart ! at thy dear side
‘ ’Tis sweet in peace to sit me down:

‘ The gifts of Heaven I’ve scatter’d wide,
‘ Where thousands hail’d my high renown,
‘ Pirates have seiz’d, and let them share,
‘ The gold I prize not, while I wear,
‘ Conscious of worth, the well-earn’d crown.

XXII.

And then the wondrous tale he told:
Amaz’d the Monarch heard ‘ How vain ’
Quoth he ‘ the sceptre that I hold,
‘ When men like thee such wrong sustain !
‘ Lie thou, Arion ! here conceal’d;
‘ Erelong the slaves shall stand reveal’d,
‘ Who riot now in guilty gain.’

XXIII.

Meanwhile their bark on Corinth’s strand
The unconscious seamen moor, and they
In Periander’s presence stand
‘ What tidings of Arion ? say—
‘ Safe at Tarentum’—But behold !

Ere half the falsehood could be told,
The Bard stood forth in open day.

XXIV.

The priestly stole his form array'd
In purple wrought with glittering gold;
Flow'd to his feet, and lightly play'd
In many a loose and floating fold:
His arms the sparkling bangles deck,
And from his brows o'er cheek and neck
The flower-crown'd locks ambrosial roll'd.

XXV.

His left-hand holds the Lyre, his right
The Plectrum tipp'd with ivory glow.
' A heavenly Power ! a God of might !
' Is he, at whom we aim'd the blow.
' Yawn thou firm Earth ! ye mountains hide
—Guilt-struck the trembling caitiffs cried—
' And plunge us in your depths below.'

XXVI.

To whom Arion: 'yea the Bard

' Lives yet unscath'd: To him belong

' A holy arm, a heavenly guard.

' I crave no blood to wreak my wrong:

' Avaunt! to barbarous climes repair,

' Banish'd from all that's good and fair

' Heart-soothing Lute and sacred Song.'

LINES ADDRESS'D BY

Louis King of Bavaria

TO HIS FIRST-BORN SON AGED SIX YEARS.

I.

Bath'd be thine eyes in dews of softest slumber.
Sleep on my first-born, best beloved boy !
Unconscious of thy doom, perchance to number
Long years of trouble, hours of fleeting joy.

II.

Little thou dream'st of Life's delights and
sorrows,
Yet soon to both must yield, a passive thrall:
Man's mix'd estate from each a portion borrows,
For imperfection is the lot of all.

III.

Fair breaks thy morn—a Sabbath yet unclouded,
O Max ! my princely son ! be brave and true:
So shall thine eve by kingly cares though shrouded,
In sleep serenely calm, those cares subdue.

IV.

Lo now ! thou opest thy broad eyes blithly smiling
Upon a world of trouble and deceit:
Erelong its wormwood shalt thou suck beguiling,
Thy lip with honied brim so seeming sweet.

V.

Helpless, behold ! the future Monarch lying
E'en in their sight whose doom awaits his will—
Hangs on his word, a winged angel, flying
To bear his Embassy for good or ill.

VI.

Learn thou betimes, all earthly things must perish;
Virtue alone unchang'd, brooks no decay:
This truth eternal in thy young heart cherish,
To *her* be true; and thou shalt live for aye.

VII.

On desert lone, in Court or Camp o'er thronging,
Heav'n in thy bosom bear: to Heaven's behest
Bow like a child; there look with pious longing,
And death shall find thee fearless and at rest.

VIII.

O Maximillian! *this* forget thou never—
Thy land is free, thyself a German born:
Thence let no foreign lure thy heart dis sever;
Arm in her cause, and laugh her foes to scorn.

IX.

Should this fond ear be only doom'd to listen
To thy first lisping, grant the boon I crave,
Richer than gems on regal brows that glisten,
—A filial tear to grace the Patriot's grave.

X.

Heir of his throne, bear thou a heart as loyal,
A sword as prompt thy Fatherland to free:
Bavaria's son, of Ludwig's line right royal!
Be brave, be worthy of thine ancestry.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS

Matilda of Bavaria.

Be thou but like the lovely saint who bore
thee !

That prayer doth every wish in one combine:
So shall mankind like some rich jewel store
thee,

Bright as it sparkled in the mother-mine.
All woman's worth in thee, Matilda, blended
With each mild grace, shall prove whence thou'rt
descended;

Delight, on all who compass thee, shall shed,
And bless and sanctify the nuptial bed.

The Lot of Kings.

I.

Bound by Court-constraint to slavery
In the midst of pomp and bravery,
 Living, yet from life apart,
Sits the King—an idol towering
On his throne of state, and lowering
 In loneliness of heart.

II.

He alone endures privation
Borne by none of meanest station—
 Of communion kind and free;
Moves like puppets poised on strings,
Like the mimic form of kings,
 Struts in gorgeous tragedy.

III.

Thoughts he weighs, and words he measures,
Every sage suggestion treasures,
Save alone—that he is man.
Beats his warm heart ne'er so high—
Friendless, frozen must it lie,
Crush'd beneath the unsocial ban.

IV.

Wheresoe'er his eyes are turning,
Be they never so discerning,
Others thwart their gracious aim:
Envy blights, and foul detraction
Soils, the bloom of honest action;
Heaven and Hell reverse their name.

NOTES.

NOTES
TO
ADVERTISEMENT.

Page iii.

"The Manuscripts," &c.

THERE are those to whom the private history of these MSS. may perhaps be not uninteresting. With the exception of a few pieces which form part of a work edited 1815 by Baron Arnim, under the title of German Melodies, they were for the first time collected together and presented in an autograph volume to the late Mrs. Hastings, widow of the celebrated Governor-General, then resident at Daylesford House, in the county of Worcester; and were accompanied by an introductory *Inscription*, which is now transferred to this volume. In apology for its insertion, the author can only plead the same feeling which has prompted him to embrace this opportunity of connecting his humble labours with the venerable name of

Warren Hastings. His first essays were dedicated to Daylesford; and it is most gratifying to him to reflect that this, which may be the last, now meets with the same encouraging reception from the present proprietors of that honoured mansion—Lieutenant-General Sir Charles and Lady Imhoff, who, through a long and uninterrupted course of hereditary friendship, fostering and encouraging the author in his literary pursuits, have inseparably associated themselves in his mind with the memory of their distinguished relative.*

In explanation of the Inscription it is necessary to add, that the little river Evenlode rises at Cotteswold, and falls into the Isis a little below Einsham, watering in its course the grounds and gardens of Daylesford House. See Camden's *Britannia*, and Nash's *History of Worcestershire*.

Page iv.

"Accompanied if possible," &c.

This was impracticable; chiefly because it was found that the minor details of the Outlines were too minute to be reduced to a scale proportionable to these sheets.

* To the able and eloquent pen of Mr. Gleig have been consigned documents which no other biographer can command, and from which, under his judicious guidance, may shortly be expected ample—but, alas! too tardy—justice to the character of this great and good man.

NOTES

TO

INTRODUCTION TO ANALYSIS.

Page viii.

" At once variegated, luminous, and distinct."

Qualis ab inbre solet percussus solibus arcus
Inficere ingenti longum curvamine cœlum ;
In quo diversi niteant cum mille colores,
Transitus ipse tamen spectantia lumina fallit ;
Usque adeo quod tangit idem est, tamen ultima distant.

Page xiii.

*" Two German Emperors—John the Blind, King of
Bohemia."*

Otho IV. Duke of Saxony, of the house of Brunswick,
at the instigation of Pope Innocent III, rose in opposition
to Frederick II, and was crowned King of the Romans ;

but being afterwards excommunicated by the same Pope, took refuge in England, and ultimately died in Brunswick, 1218. Frederick II, son of the Emperor Henry VI, received the imperial crown from Pope Honorious III, and was likewise excommunicated by his successor Pope Gregory IX, and again by Innocent IV, who continued the quarrel ; whereupon a desolating war ensued. Meantime John, another son of the Emperor Henry VI, who had married the sister of Wincellaus VI, King of Bohemia, succeeded to that crown, on the failure of heirs male in the ancient line, in 1310 ; but refusing homage to either of the rival Emperors, and being blind, resigned his kingdom to his son Charles, proceeded to France to assist Philip VI. against the English, and was slain by Edward the Black Prince at the battle of Cressy, on Saturday the 26th of August, 1346.

NOTES
TO
ANALYSIS.

Page 19.

"The inventor of that species of ballad," &c.

Such as "The Cassandra," "The Ring of Polycrates,"
"The Cranes of Ibycus," &c. &c.

Page 21.

"This is a subtlety," &c.

Notwithstanding the minuteness with which it has been attempted to explain these various emblems, it is very possible that the meaning of some of them may have escaped observation. But we must now take leave of a subject which would otherwise become tedious, and recommend those who are desirous of further information on

such matters to the Emblemata Acciati, the Symbolica Ægyptorum Sapientia, auctore, Nicolas Cassivio, printed at Cologne, A. D. MDCXXXI. and to the Mystagogus Poeticus of Alexander Ross—the latter immortalized by the author of Hudibras.

Page 68.

“Reserved for more prominent situations hereafter.”

Ut pictura poesis. Mr. Retzsch seems to be well aware of the Horatian maxim applied to dramatic poetry, in the Epistola ad Pisones—

Pleraque deferet et præsens in tempus omittet.

Page 70.

“The fate of that lovely child.”

The beauty here delineated is of that fearful and ominous kind which reminds us of a striking passage in Tieck's Life of Novalis, where he describes Sophia while yet a child :—“There is sometimes,” he says, “an expression imprinted on the features of children which conveys an idea of something supernatural, and which, from the clear and almost transparent complexion that accompanies it, creates an apprehension that it is a tissue too tender and finely spun for this life—that it is either Death or Immortality that looks out so significantly from those glistening eyes; and too often does a rapid wasting away convert our

prophetic fear into sad reality." All, however, which is here said is mere conjecture. In Mr. Retzch's own "Remarks" there is no stated intention to excite any exclusive interest for this child; yet in the last number of the Outlines there appears to be internal evidence to confirm our hypothesis. The subject will be again alluded to at the close of the Analysis.

Page 81.

"The description of evening is here varied."

Scarcely enough has been said in commendation of Mr. Retzch's attention to contrast. The two foregoing numbers breathe nothing but the divini gloria ruris. The shifting of the scene here affords opportunity for the display of different images; just as in the Allegro, after a series of rural ideas, the poet continues—

Towred cities please us then,
And the busy haunts of men.

Page 91.

"An attempt of this kind," &c.

One word of apology to the able painter to whom we are obliged for his delineation of the fall of Babylon, and other similar specimens of his pencil. Nothing is here advanced in disparagement of his acknowledged talents; they have earned for him, both here and abroad, a just

and merited celebrity. Every work, to be rightly appreciated, must be judged according to the aim proposed; that of Mr. Martin has obviously been to create an idea of immensity of space; and he has succeeded in a very striking manner: the *history* seems to have been a secondary object. The only question meant to be submitted is, whether the application of equal talent to another and a more legitimate object might not have produced equally striking effects of another kind, and upon better established principles of art. But, after all,

Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

Page 108.

“ *The monument of a woman,*” &c.

The reader will now decide whether the conjecture alluded to in a foregoing note is not confirmed by the circumstances here noticed.

Page 114.

“ *Les strophes,*” &c. &c.

Madame de Stael rightly observes that the Lay of the Bell consists of two parts, distinct from each other—the *technical* and the *moral*; and that the poet makes use of two separate metres, respectively applicable to each. The different operations of the forge are conveyed in the

trochaic measure, whose rapidity and frequent recurrence of rhyme are well calculated to make the sound an echo to the sense; while the graver *iambic* is employed to produce the more serious impressions, arising from the moral which he deduces from these operations, in a variety of instances applied to the changes and chances of human life. This last remark is *generally*, but not *invariably*, true; for though he strictly adheres to his trochaics in dealing with the technical portion of his work, various other metres besides the iambic are sometimes used in the treatment of the other part. Of these occasional notice will be taken; but to define them all systematically would be to write a treatise on German prosody. For an ample developement of this subject which is far too extensive for these pages the reader is referred to a book entitled *Der Deutsche Versbau*, by C. B. Garve, 8vo. Berlin, 1837.

Page 118.

"Sunt verba et voces," &c.

The system of compensation, as it has been called, that is, the substitution of some equivalent word or idea, where literal translation would fail to convey the spirit of the original, was ludicrously illustrated many years ago in an able article in the *Quarterly Review*, of some ingenious translations from Aristophanes. The question was, whether it were possible to give an adequate version of this seemingly untranslatable couplet—

Q

Mittitur in disco mihi piscis ab Archiepisco

Po non ponetur quia potus non mihi detur.

And the solution was this—

There was sent me a dish

Of fish

From the Archbish-

Hop is not here,

For he sent me no becr.

After this who shall deny the possibility of transfusing the spirit of Schiller's *Bell*, or even of Göthe's *Faust*, into English verse?

Page 123.

“*With Midas ear,*” &c.

Milton, in the sonnet addressed to Henry Lawes, who set to music the songs in *Comus*—expresses his disgust at the false emphasis given by contemporary composers to words adapted to their airs. This is a fault from which some of the adapters of our age are not exempt. To say nothing of many examples in our English version of Haydn's “*Creation*,” it is remarkable with what rapture our dilettanti frequently applaud the German operas adapted for our stage from the music of Beethoven, Spohr, and other foreigners, deservedly favourites of the present day; where, in defiance of all emphasis and expression, a multitude of syllables are tortured into an unnatural combination with a given number of notes. It is not by any means intended by this observation to

contract the licence either of poetry or music in deviating occasionally from the ordinary accent so as to diversify the intonation of one or the other: as, for example, in Handel's beautiful opening to "Israel in Ægypt," "Sing ye unto the Lord, for he hath *triumphed* gloriously;" for this is only analogous to the frequent liberties taken by our great epic poet himself, never, however, without reference to classical authority, such as in the word empyreal or empyréal, with the accent sometimes upon the penultimate; but the practice of arbitrary and unauthorised accentuation in music, which is equivalent to false quantities in verse, can never be too strongly protested against.

Page 124.

"Gavin Douglas, Chapman, Fairfax, Dryden," &c.

Due allowance being made for the obsolete language of the two former, let us only compare the productions of all these translators with the insipid specimens which occasionally appear in cheap magazines to enlighten the unlearned, and we shall without difficulty come to the conclusion, that if all, even the best, *verse* translations are to be considered, according to Göthe's general denunciation, no better than "*verblühteten Blumen*"—faded flowers, these in *prose* must be something worse than a hortus siccus. To show the estimation in which the translator of Wallenstein was held by Schiller, it is well known that, in a subsequent edition, he re-translated many

of Coleridge's ideas into German. Nor did Milton disdain to borrow from Edward Fairfax one of the most striking images in the *Paradise Lost*, Book V., describing the descent of Raphael, with which compare a similar passage in the *Jerusalem Liberata*—

First upon Lebanon his foot he set,
And shook his wings, with dewy Maydrops wet.

To draw instances from Dryden's *Fables*, &c., from Gifford's *Juvenal* and *Persius*, Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*—the favourite of Sir Walter Scott—from Scott's own versions—for the rarity of which we are richly indemnified by the abundance of his original works—from Coleridge, and from Southey, wherever they have condescended to translate, would be to quote whole volumes.

Page 125.

"And others might have been cited."

Quo fessum rapitis Fabii? It would be unfair to pass over the names of Matthew Lewis, and the Honourable William Spencer, to whom, as connected with our earlier studies and amusements, we owe no trifling obligation, for having been the first, in our days, to call public attention to a course of literature which has since been more extensively and critically pursued. Again, the fragments from *Faust* by Shelley, and the selections by Lord Francis Egerton, are entitled to the praise of strong poetic feeling; and if not of accuracy also, it is because neither the noble

poet nor his highly gifted predecessor had given themselves sufficient time to master the idioms of a language whose difficulties they have so daringly encountered. But both have earned their laurels well. There is still another name—not immediately, indeed, though collaterally, related to this subject—which we must be allowed to mention with peculiar veneration and affection—the late Rev. John Josias Conybeare, successively Anglo-Saxon and Poetry Professor at Oxford. His translations from *Cædmon*, his Collections from the Exeter Manuscript, and many other learned contributions to the Archæological Society, since embodied with various dissertations in a work posthumously edited by his amiable and distinguished brother, whether considered generally, and as a treatise, or, as a repository of verse, equally faithful to its originals as spirited in itself, afford evidence no less of high poetic genius than of a mind constantly keeping pace with the progress of science, as far as was compatible with the noblest and holiest sense of professional duty. To the public he has left a rich Thesaurus of antiquarian research, and to his friends a memorial of inestimable value. See prefatory notice to the *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, by John Josias Conybeare, M. A., &c., &c., &c., edited, together with additional notes, &c., by his brother William Daniel Conybeare, M. A., &c., &c., London, 8vo. 1826.

Page 125.

“Voss, before whose hexameters,” &c.

John Henry Voss was born 1751, at Sommerdorf, in Mecklenburgh, and died 1827. His translations of Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, all in their original metres, have transmitted a *facsimile* of the respective authors which no other country possesses. There is nothing, therefore, invidious in comparing him *in this manner* with Pope and Cowper, because neither the polished couplets of the former, nor the simple blank verse of the latter, pretend to any such *identity* with Homeric verse. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the hexameters here spoken of—and the remark may be extended also to the lyrics—are defective, inasmuch as the trochee, and sometimes the iambus, is often substituted for the spondee. In Southey's preface to the “*Vision of Judgment*” we have a most able and conclusive dissertation from the pen of a perfect master of this subject. It is there definitively proved, that from a numerical deficiency of words in our vocabulary where the pure spondee occurs—rarely indeed, if ever, unless when two monosyllables come together—it is next to impossible to produce any considerable series of lines in that metre without resorting to the German method, for which the English ear is too fastidious. The specimens of playful satire in the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, directed at Southey himself, long antecedent to the publication above alluded to, present no exception to this remark. The line often quoted as an accidental hexameter in our translation

of St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians, viz.—“Husbands love your wives, and be not bitter against them,” affords likewise a proof and exemplification of his theory, for it will be found, on accurately scanning the line, that the only three perfect spondees, the second, third, and fourth feet, are composed of monosyllables; the first and last are trochees.

Page 125.

“Uhland—W. A. Schlegel.”

Few readers need be told that these are living authors of great celebrity. Mr. Bernay, speaking of the former in his introduction to the “German Anthology,” says, that “his songs, ballads, and romances, are equally distinguished for simplicity of form and language, a natural flow of metre, an artless expression of the higher aspirations of the soul, and of the deeper emotions of the heart.” From other authorities we learn that John Louis Uhland was born at Tübingen, 1787, and is now a member of the Würtemberg parliament. William Augustus Schlegel, born at Hanover, 1767, is too well known in this and all other countries as the celebrated professor at Bonn, the author of many excellent critical works, and, above all, as the translator of Shakspeare and Calderon, to require any further designation.

Page 126.

"A language fertile in every resource," &c.

It is an insult to our language to assert that it is incapable of conveying the sense of any other, however copious, in a manner equally clear, forcible and melodious. That it possesses every quality essential to that purpose, in a nature plastic and flexible to every mode of composition, none can doubt who are aware of the miracles achieved in *Child Harold*, *Marmion*, and *Roderick the last of the Goths*—three poems essentially different in their structure and versification, yet each singly sufficient to have immortalized its respective author. True, we are not all Byrons, Scotts, or Southey's, but it is equally certain, that if the present generation is to be discouraged by controversial prefaces and hypercritical reviews from aspiring to excellence by the same daring efforts which have distinguished *them*, we may despair of ever looking upon their like again.

Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus
 Non tamen idcirco contemnis lippus inungi;
 Nec quia desperas invicti membra Glyconis
 Nodosâ corpus nolis prohibere cheragrâ.

Page 127.

"We shall not naturalize a single flower."

The few words which have been thrown out in the course of these annotations must not be construed into any inten-

tion to undervalue the general *usefulness* of translations in prose ; still less let it be supposed that these remarks are personally directed against any particular work of that description. Prose translations, like all other scholia, may be highly useful in expounding a doubtful passage, or in conveying the literal meaning, and *no more*, of a metrical composition, but they can never be admitted as substitutes for translation of *verse into verse*. Mr. Hayward, in the preface to the second edition of his excellent prose translation of Faust, quotes a long passage from an Edinburgh review, which, though it does not directly assume the substitution as an equivalent, yet recommends it as *a necessary alternative*, "*a refuge for the destitute*," founded upon a presumed dilemma, stated in substance thus : Either sense *must be* sacrificed to metre, or metre to sense : the latter is the less evil, and therefore to be adopted. This assumed dilemma is, as Mr. Hayward says, fairly stated ; and if it were allowed, would have been as fairly solved : but *if we allow it not*, if we deny the major, what becomes of the concluding terms of the proposition ? The adversary must first prove the dilemma, which he cannot. It is, in fact, a *petitio principii*. He puts an extreme case ; an universal instead of a particular proposition ; and therein lies the fallacy. Mr. Hayward himself, however, asserts nothing illogically, aware, on the contrary, that his advocate attempts to prove too much ; he declares his aim and motive clearly and candidly ; calls for examination upon that test, and well merits the favourable judgment which he has received. After a work executed with such labour, ability, and consummate knowledge of the subject, it may safely be

predicted that no future poet will ever dream of undertaking another translation of Faust without drawing upon the sources which Mr. H. has so largely supplied. This is the result to which he must be prepared to look for the greatest proof of his success, the crown and consummation of his labours. It is therefore earnestly to be hoped that Mr. H., qualified as he appears to be for the task, by poetic feeling, as well as mastery over the language, will turn his own prose to the best advantage, by using it as a scaffolding for verse, and thus become the architect of a still more exalted fame. For most assuredly, whether Mr. H. himself, or any other author of equal capacity, be adventurous enough "to build the lofty rhyme" upon his substantial corner stone, it will be the superstructure and not the foundation which will excite our unqualified admiration.

While these pages are passing through the press it is reported that a new translation of Faust is forthcoming from the pen of Mr. Bernay, son of the able professor of that name, to which we may justly look forward with much interest and expectation.

NOTES TO TRANSLATION

OF THE

LAY OF THE BELL, ETC.

Page 133.

“Lo! the mould,” &c.

There are two moulds or models, the outer and the inner, which are constructed by means of two pairs of compasses thus:—A hole is dug in the ground, in the centre of which a stake is driven, at the top of this is an iron peg with a pivot. The compasses for the inner mould are made to turn upon this pivot, describing a circle, beyond which a larger one is struck by the compasses, for the outer mould: the space between the stake and the outer circle is then built up in brick work, leaving a hollow in the centre for the admission of fuel. This hollow is afterwards filled up with fine clay, in such a manner that the

curve of the compasses touches the clay in every direction : the clay is then baked, and becomes the inner mould, which is also called the *core*. The outer mould (*Vie Form*) of which we are now speaking, is then formed, also of fine clay. This outer model is then baked, and, when cooled, the different ornaments, previously modelled in wax, are fixed to its surface. The shell, or thin covering of this outer mould, is then constructed of clay fine enough to sheath and take the impression of the wax ornaments ; the latter are then melted away, and the shell thickened with additional layers of coarser clay, and the whole outer mould braced with iron hoops. This is afterwards lifted out of the pit by a windlass, and well greased, to prevent adhesion, and then replaced. The empty space between the two moulds is then filled with the raw bell metal. This consists of copper, zinc, and tin, to which is added potash, in the proportion of about a pound to every ten hundred weight of metal. In twelve hours it is in a state of fusion, which is indicated by the conduit pipes, the apertures of which are represented in the Outlines, Nos. II. and XXVIII., assuming a brown colour. An iron rod is then plunged into the smelted mixture, which, if equally glazed over, proves the metal to be sufficiently fused. It is necessary also to ascertain whether the bell metal is mixed in proper proportions ; this is done by pouring a little into a hollow stone, which, when cold, is broken with a hammer ; if the surface of this fragment is quite smooth, then there is too much tin ; but if very rough or indented, not enough. See Outline No. XXVIII. The furnace consists of two parts—the lower chamber for the metal, the upper for the chimney.

There are five apertures ; that with an iron door, through which the plates of raw metal are thrown ; another, through which the flame strikes into the furnace, and is reverberated into the chimney ; a third, closed with a stopple, which being removed, the fused metal flows through a small gutter into the space between the two moulds. The two remaining apertures are the pipes already mentioned ; these last are to let out the smoke caused by the closure of the chimney at the top, after the fuel has been introduced. This closure causes the flame to strike inwards against the metal. For a more ample description of the process of bell founding, see Rees's Cyclopædia.

Page 135.

"The brazen mouth," &c.

So Shakspeare, King John, Act ii. Scene 5 :—

If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night.

Page 136.

"From maiden play to man's employ," &c.

Vom Mädchen reißt sich stoltz der Knabe—

Literally, The boy proudly tears himself away from the maiden, *i. e.* the maidenly character, the society and habits

of the inmates of his nursery, his sisters and other female associates. No excuse is made for the laxity of this translation; on the contrary, it is noticed only as one of those paraphrastic expedients which, however abhorrent to the theory of those uncompromising critics who stickle for literal translation, and deem every deviation from it a sacrifice of meaning to metre—is recommended as facilitating the version of idioms often too hastily pronounced untranslatable.

Page 138.

“Sweetly the virgin buds play.”

Spiele der jungfräuliche Krantz.—This is a deviation from the general iambic metre, already mentioned as the vehicle of the moral portion of the poem, being in measure the same as the last hemistich of a Greek or Latin pentameter. Had the translator consulted his own ear he would have continued the iambics without this break, which is preserved only as an exemplification of the method by which Schiller occasionally makes the sound an echo to the sense. The line in the original beautifully describes the fluttering of the wreath of flowers worn by the bride. If it fails of that effect in the translation, the reader may substitute this line—

The virgin blossoms sweetly play,
which will restore the uniformity of the iambic rhythm.

Page 140.

"And the father exultingly," &c.

It has already been observed, according to Madame de Staël's remark, that Schiller generally uses the iambic measure in those strophes which contain the moral, as distinguished from the technical parts of this poem. The above is one of several exceptions. The metre here is dactylic, the same as that which so beautifully animates the words and music of Sir Walter Scott's spirited song of Roderic Mac Alpin. This is one of the metres ridiculed in the Anti-jacobin Review, and we are obliged to Sir Walter for having redeemed it from the merciless ban under which it laboured in Southey's earlier days. It may fairly be questioned whether the criticism was ever founded upon any better reason than that our ear had been hitherto unaccustomed to almost any other than the Greek iambus and trochee, the usual measure of English heroic and lyric verse; but there must have been a time when these also were first naturalised, and by this time even the "needy knife-grinder" himself has become so familiar to us that we are reconciled at last to the chaunt with which he accompanies the melodious grating of his wheel.

Page 141.

"His stacks," &c.

Der Pfosten ragende Bäume—Literally, the projecting timbers of the posts. The stacks in a German farm yard are not constructed like ours, but built round a central post

or pole, the top of which projects considerably beyond the hay or sheaves of corn which they support, and present a very striking feature in every landscape along the Rhine and throughout the Netherlands.

Page 141.

"The well-grained metal cleft in twain," &c.

It has been explained in a previous note, that one of the tests to which the bell-metal is exposed when in a state of fusion, is to collect a portion of it, and, when cold, to break and examine the surface of the fragment. The passage of which the above is a translation is this—**Schön gezackert ist der Bruch.** *The fragment is fairly indented*; neither too rough nor too smooth. It is therefore the *grain* of the metal which is here concerned; a reference to which presents a more intelligible meaning than if the passage had been more literally translated.

Page 142.

For all the elements arrayed," &c.

Wenn die elemente hassen das Gebild der Menschenhand—Literally, For the elements hate the work of men's hands. But the passage has been amplified, more clearly to mark its allusion to a metaphor in the Agamemnon of Æschylus, where the herald Talthybius gives an account of the shipwreck, l. 650.

Ζύνω̃μασαν γαρ, ὄντες ἐχθίστοι το πριν
 Πυρ και θαλασσα, και τα πιστ' εδεξατην
 φθειρόντε τον δύστήτον Αργείων στρατον.

The lines above cited were floating imperfectly in the memory of the translator, and had escaped his search, when they occurred at once to a fresher recollection, and were discovered by eyes much younger than his own. Should this note fall under the observation of the young friend alluded to, it may, perhaps, not be displeasing to him to accept this acknowledgment of the obligation. Milton alludes to this passage in *Paradise Regained*, Book IV.

Fire with water,
 In ruin reconciled.

And it is thus rendered by the late John Symmons, in his learned and spirited translation of the *Agamemnon*, 8vo. London, 1824,

Elements
 Before most hostile, joined in league together
 To wreck us, fire and water.

Page 143.

"Every gift is from above."

These and the preceding words, *The blessing from above descends*, obviously alludes to the 1st Epistle of St. James, 17th verse, "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights."

Page 146.

"What if ore or clay," &c.

The danger to be apprehended at the moment of casting, is, lest some accident should have happened in the interior of the work, either from the improper mixture of the bell-metal, which causes what are technically termed *flaws* and *pores*, or from some mismanagement in heating the furnace, or from the faulty construction of the moulds. In any of these cases the metal either takes a false direction, and streams out of the various apertures, or bursts the model. The operation of knocking the stopple out is often attended with great loss of life and property.

Page 148.

*"Her orphan race,
In a stranger's cold embrace," &c.*

Another instance where the translator has not scrupled to amplify the compest meaning of the original, if indeed the real meaning is given, for it has been suggested, that these words,

*An verwaister Stätte schalten,
Wird die Fremde liebeleer,*

may either apply to the stranger, devoid of love, who succeeds to the care of the orphan children of the deceased mother, or to the ghost of the mother herself, bereft of the objects of her love, and wandering in desolate places, *i. e.* the shades below. The former sense has been followed, in conformity with Mr. Klatowski's interpretation,

though some German critics contend for the latter, in allusion to the general spirit of some passages in the *Alcestis* of Euripides. The translator is not of Mr. Hayward's opinion, that in such doubtful cases both meanings ought to be shadowed out; which puts him in mind of the student, who being asked at the examination table whether the sun went round the earth, or the earth round the sun; answered sometimes one and sometimes the other: thus uniting the Newtonian with the Copernican system, lest he should altogether compromise either. The beautiful compound epithet *liebster*, might, according to the advocates for verbal translation, have been rendered by some such word as *lovedevoid*; but such innovations, with few exceptions, sound harsh and undeomatical: a periphrasis, therefore, even of several lines, has been preferred as some *compensation* for the beauty of an expression which any attempt to translate literally might have marred altogether. Every hint from Mr. Hayward is entitled to respect: but surely he carries his theory too far, when in the beginning of the prison scene in *Faust* he translates *Dein Zagen zögert den Tod heran*—"Thy irresolution lingers death hitherwards:" for though he says very justly that the "German word *zögern* corresponds with the English to linger," and that "in strictness neither could be used as an active verb;" yet has he not "shadowed out the same meanings," nor indeed any meaning at all; for his translation is not English, and therefore unmeaning. No English neuter verb governs a substantive in the accusative case, except such as reflect its own sense; as to run a race, to dream a dream, to fight a good fight, to die the death

of the righteous, &c.: so that, although it may be good German to say *zögern den Tod*, we have no idiom or poetic licence to warrant the expression—to linger death. Such phrases, however, are not therefore necessarily untranslatable; they may be rendered paraphrastically, or by some other expedient in which our language is exceedingly abundant. In this instance, had Mr. H. been so minded, it would not have been difficult for a scholar like him—doctus sermones utriusque linguæ—to have found some circumlocutory *equivalent*; though it would be presumptuous to suggest one.

Page 152.

*“Swing the hammer, swing,
Till the splinters spring.”*

Literally, Till the mantle spring. But this would not have been intelligible; because, though *Mantel* in German means in its primary sense the same as in English, it has also a secondary one, which is technically used for what our bell-founders call “the *motherpiece*,” a word unmanageable in verse. In order to *compensate* for the loss of the metaphor in one place, it is here restored in another, thus—

“Ere it rise, the unmantled Bell,” &c.

Not to fatigue the reader with further discussions upon the vexata quæstio of free and literal translation, it is time to take leave of the subject, and once for all to declare, that the general object of these specimens is to give the

spirit and not the letter of the various original poems, without, however, departing from the character of accuracy sufficient to convey their essential meaning.

Page 153.

"Freedom and Equality."

Liberté et égalité! the constant cry during the French revolution of 1791—3. The halls here alluded to are not halls of justice, council halls, &c., but "les halles," as they are called at Paris; those covered markets, which have given their name to "les dames des halles," those ferocious women, poissardes and others, who earned an odious celebrity during the massacres in the time of Robespierre, and who now claim the privilege of presenting a bouquet at the accouchements of her Majesty the Queen of the French. Monsieur Duprè, the author of *Lexicographia Neologica Gallica*, under the words "égalité" and "liberté," defines them severally at considerable length, quoting the Declaration of the Rights of Man by the National Assembly presented to Louis XVI. on the 3rd of September, 1791. See pp. 97 and 163, 8vo. 1801.

Page 154.

"Burns to ashes all the land."

In his note upon this passage we are obliged to Mr. Klatowski for a very pretty little fable, of which the follow-

ing is a free translation, or rather parody, where nothing but the thought is attempted to be preserved.

One night a monkey fired a wood,
Where old majestic cedars stood,
The glory of all monkey-land.
"Was e'er," cried he, "a sight so grand?
"Come, brothers! come, I've found the way,
"How to turn midnight into day."
Up came his brethren, great and small,
Mowing and chattering one and all:
"Long life to brother Jocko! He's
"The patriot of our cedar trees:
"'Tis he enlightens all the nation—
"Hurrah! reform! and conflagration!"

Page 154.

"Round the helm a blaize," &c.

The piece which surmounts the bell, like a cap or helmet, is in English technically called *the ear*: it terminates in a loop attached to a chain, by which it is fastened to a beam in the belfry; at the other extremity is a ring, which is inserted through a hole at the top, into the hollow of the bell, and holds the tongue or clapper. The hole is then soldered up. The brim is the lower portion of the circle of the bell—in German, *der Mund*, the mouth—being the immediate vehicle of sound.

Page 154.

"The christening."

The custom of christening bells is very ancient, but it appears to be a ceremony distinct from baptism, a charge which has been sometimes made against Roman Catholics, and which they repel, apparently upon sufficient grounds. They allow, however, that they bless their bells, as they do all other church utensils, and that they bestow names upon them in token of consecration to their saints. This practice was prohibited in a capitular of Charlemagne, as early as A. D. 789. Notwithstanding which it was still continued even among the protestants; though with the latter it forms no part of religious ceremony. A name is given, as in this instance, by the master bell-founder, unattended by any episcopal benediction, but not without much festivity among the laity.

Page 155.

"And lead in dance the circling year."

Mr. Klatouski, in his note upon this passage, says, "The epithet *bekränzt*," encircled with a garland, or wreathed, "has been pointed out by some German critics as a blemish in this poem, for not having any intelligible meaning: Schiller, however, has always been too careful in the choice of his epithets to allow of such a supposition." So far there is no question; but it may be doubted whe-

ther the professor's hypothesis, ingenious as it is, may be assumed as the proper plea for the poet's justification. "To me," he continues, "it is clear that the words *Das hekrantzte Jahr* mean the zodiac," &c. Mr. Retzsch, by introducing that symbol in the sketch which illustrates this passage (sec No. XLII. of the Analysis), appears to be of the same opinion; it is one which certainly deserves attention. Another solution of the difficulty is here submitted, not altogether at variance with the above; but rather as a sort of corollary. By a figure of speech which grammarians call hypallage, scarcely, if at all, known to modern language, but of very frequent occurrence in the Greek classics, an epithet strictly belonging to one noun is often applied to another. Thus, for example, in the *Agamemnon*, line 157, Schütz's edition,

Νεικέων τεκτονα σύμ-
φυτον ου δεισνονορα,

The epithet *συμφυτον* (consanguineous) is transferred from *νεικέων* to *τεκτονα*. Again in *Hyppolitus*, line 67,

Ναίεις ευπατέρειαν αυλαν,

which, however, is a disputed passage, but in the *Hercules furens* we have *καλλιπαίδα στέφανον*, an expression very analagous to *Das hekrantzte Jahr*, and possibly may have suggested it: for the epithet *καλλιπαίδα* (having beautiful children), strictly applicable to a mother or to a country, is there transferred to *στέφανον*, the wreath with which the mother having beautiful children is crowned, according to the scriptural metaphor, as in *Proverbs* xvii. 6,—“Children's children are the crown of old

men." Now this, if literally translated, which it cannot be in English, and perhaps not in German, would be "a wreath bearing beautiful children," instead of a wreath which crowns the mother bearing beautiful children. In like manner, *Das bekränzte Jahr* would be "the encircled year," instead of the earth which is encircled by the year; whether in the figurative form of the Zodiac, or allegorically by the seasons in their revolving course. The latter is the sense in which the passage is here translated, turning the past participle into the present. The difficulty then appears to have arisen from the learned poet having, perhaps too adventurously, used a figure of speech familiar to himself, but not generally known to the German language. In English it would have been quite unintelligible, and is therefore not attempted: according to the precept of Horace, *Quæ desperas tractata nitescere posse relinquas*.

Page 156.

"*It swings! it roars!*"

So Milton in the *Penseroso*—

"Swinging slow with solemn roar."

Page 159.

"*Fridolin.*"

This poem is founded upon an old tradition of Alsatia; one of the boundaries of which—Mount Saverne—gives title to the Count and Countess of the story. Sir Frederick

Malden, in his introduction to the old English versions of the *Gesta Romanorum*, mentions it as one of the fables originating in those ancient chronicles, from which also are derived "The Two Friends," of Boccacio; "The Constance," of Gower and Chaucer; Parnell's "Hermit;" and "The Mysterious Mother," of Walpole. The reader need hardly be told that Mr. Retzsch has illustrated this poem with eight beautiful Outlines. Mr. Böttiger in his "Remarks" upon them, says, that it was at the desire of Cotta, the intimate friend of the poet, and his surviving relations, that these Outlines were undertaken. In addition to that advantage, this poem has acquired great popularity by having been more than once dramatized: first, as a five act play, by Holbein, the manager of the theatre at Prague, and again as an opera, composed by C. F. Weber, chapel-master at Berlin: the latter has become so great a favourite that there are few German amateurs who are not possessed of the score. It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Böttiger through the whole of his Analysis, which, however, is well worth reading; still less need we enter into the useless controversy between Göthe and Schiller, whether *Fridolin*, and similar poems, ought not to be called romances, instead of ballads: it is enough that the latter was the title adopted by the author himself, and has been confirmed by public opinion. Mr. B. concludes his critique with a sonnet, of which the following is a translation. It differs little from the original, except in one point, which the reader's gallantry will excuse—the substitution of the Countess for her less amiable lord.

Thou calls't the song of Fridolin romance ;
 The bard himself, a ballad: sad the air
 It breathes, and peerless Beauty blossoms there,
 Which Grace and heaven-born Piety enhance.
 Not so the brain-sick minstrel of Provence—
He sings of lover's dreams, of roses fair,
 And myrtle green entwin'd in golden hair,
 The light guitar, and merry bridal dance.
 But whether ballad or romance thou deem
 The deathless lay, we seek not ; but esteem
 Its radiance as of orbs that brightest burn :
 For there the poet hath inscribed his lay :
 There gaz'd the enraptur'd painter, to array
 With starry light, the Lady of Saverne.

Page 165.

" True to the mill-clack's measured chime."

**Die Werke klappern Nacht und Tag,
 Im Takte pocht der Hämmer Schlag.**

We have no guttural and dental letters to give effect to this passage, which in the original goes as trippingly on the tongue as Virgil's

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Page 167.

*"Fain would she hear a mass, she said,
'But lo! my child lies sick a-bed.'"*

Mr. Böttiger notices with just commendation the accuracy with which Mr. Retzsch attends to the minor details of his subject in two instances, worthy the antiquary and man of science. In the plate which illustrates these lines, in order to denote the leading idea—the sickness of the child—we find engraved as an ornament, at the foot of the cradle, the pentagram, the Pythagorean symbol of Health. It is the same as the pentalfa or *Brudenfuss* mentioned in *Faust*. Mr. Böttiger refers his readers for information on that subject to the 5th vol. of *Thesaurus Gronoviensis*, under the article *Denarius Pythagoricus*, by James Meursius; and Mr. Hayward, in his note, p. 253 of his translation of *Faust*—a treasure-house of all that relates to his author—gives a diagram, and quotes many other learned authorities, viz. Schol. in *Aristoph. Nub.* 599; *Lucian. Dialog. De Lapsu inter Salutandum*, 4to. Amsterdam, 1743., Vol. I., pp. 729, 730, in Notes; and *Hobhouse's Historical Illustrations of Childe Harold*, Canto, IV. p. 334. The other instance of Retzsch's extreme minuteness is in the second plate of this series, where he has introduced the ancient armorial bearings of Saverne, embroidered on the saddle-cloth of the Count's charger. They appear to be a bend dexter between six stars or mullets, surmounted by a Count's coronet.

Page 171.

"Robert the while," &c.

This and the following stanza have been inserted by the translator to explain what appeared to him obscure in the original. But it is a bold thing, and requires no little apology to interpolate upon so great a man as Schiller, especially as some readers may consider the mysterious disappearance of Robert without being directly accounted for, a beauty rather than a defect.

Page 179.

"The Diver."

Menzel, in his *Deutsche Literatur*, remarks of Schiller, that he has concentrated all his poetical energies in the description of man in his most exalted character. "Other poets," he says, "have depicted beauty of various kinds, but none have succeeded so well in uniting poetry with manly perfection." And Mrs. Austin illustrates the same remark by reference to this, the preceding, and the following ballads, which have therefore been selected as specimens, in conformity with the opinions cited above.

Page 182.

"Yea—hads't thou cast thy crown," &c.

Poeta loquitur. This interjection, continuing to the end of the following stanza, is very artfully contrived to keep the reader in suspense as to the main interest of the ballad.

Page 183.

"And it bubbles and gushes," &c.

Und es wasset, und siedet, und brauset, und
zischt. Another instance in which Schiller so strikingly
makes sound an echo to sense, reminding us of Homer's

Αὐτίς ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναίδης

This affords an opportunity of exemplifying what has
already been said of Voss. The following is his translation
of the line above quoted—*Hurtig mit Donnergepolter*
entrollte der türkische Harmor, a perfect facsimile,
both in metre and rhythm, of the Homeric hexameter, such
as no English translator has as yet produced, and perhaps
never will venture to attempt. The repetition also of the
same passage, word for word, is an Homericism, in which
Schiller delights. This sort of reiteration is beautifully
introduced in many of our ancient relics collected by
Bishop Percy, but nowhere with better effect than in the
Bristowe Tragedy—the *antico-moderno* of poor Chat-
terton—one of the most affecting ballads, whether ancient
or modern, in any language. It occurs in the description
of the procession of Sir Charles Bawdin to his execution.

The Friars of St. Augustin next,
Each one his part did chaunt ;
Behind their backs six minstrels came,
And tun'd the strung bataunt.

Page 186.

"Thornback, and crab, and habardine," &c.

Mr. Klatouski has a very amusing and instructive note upon this passage, where he gives not only the generic names, but likewise an historical and mythological account of all the real and fabulous monsters here described, quoting all the authorities, from Pliny down to Aldovrandi, and Conrad Gessner's "*Historiæ Animalium*," &c.; and adds, apropos of divers, the history of the celebrated Nicola Pesche, who perished in his attempt to explore the straights of Messina, where the scene of our ballad is laid. This history, which is related at length in Athelnasius Kircher's "*Mundus Subterraneus*," lib. ii. c. 15, in the library of the British Museum, in all probability suggested the subject of this poem.

Page 193.

"The Count of Habsburgh."

Rodolph I., Emperor of Germany, one of the greatest men of his age, was born 1218. He was the son of Albert IV., Count of Habsburgh, and Landgrave of Alsace, and distinguished himself in all the civil and military transactions in the reign of Frederick II., and during the long and turbulent interregnum which followed it. According to the custom of that lawless time, he maintained a band of adventurers from all nations, by whose means, and the

powerful alliances which he formed, he increased his wealth and territories, till he became the founder of the present imperial house of Austria. In 1273 he was elected King of the Romans, and crowned Emperor at Aix la Chapelle. The banquet held at this coronation is the subject of the present ballad; but in enumerating the great functionaries who exercised the privileges of office on this occasion, the poet has deviated, in one instance, from historical fact, which he thus acknowledges in a note annexed to one of the editions of his works: "To those who are acquainted with the history of those times, I have to remark, that I am well aware that Bohemia took no part in these ceremonies." The kings of Bohemia were the hereditary cup-bearers of the emperor; but Ottacar, who was at that time king, and one of the most powerful princes of the empire, had himself been a candidate, and resenting the election of Rodolph, refused to do him homage. It was not till after his death, in 1277, when he lost his life in the contest, that Bohemia was recovered as a fief of the German empire, under King Wenceslaus, whom Rodolph married to one of his daughters. By this marriage he united, not only Bohemia, but all the Austrian possessions, with Carinthia, Carniola, &c. &c. to the imperial dominions, which he settled upon his two sons Albert and Rodolph. He died July, 1291, at Germersheim, on the Rhine, in his way to Spire, in the seventy-third year of his age, and nineteenth of his reign. He was twice married; first to Ann, daughter of Bernard, Count of Hohenberg, and secondly, in his old age, to Agnès of Burgundy, who was only fourteen years old. By his first marriage he had seven sons and six

daughters; of the latter, who are alluded to at the conclusion of this poem, one he gave in marriage to Winceslaus, another to her cousin, Bernard of Hohenberg, and the rest contracted alliances equally advantageous to the family of Habsburgh, which, in the course of succeeding generations connected itself with all the crowned heads in Europe. See Anderson's "Royal Genealogies," London, folio, 1732, p. 351

Page 196.

"A priest was bearing the holy Host."

In the foregoing part of a note already cited, Schiller quotes Schudi's History, from whence the anecdote is taken, and states, upon his authority, that the priest whom Rodolph met, as related in the ballad, afterwards became chaplain to the Elector of Mayence, and conducted not a little to his election, by calling the attention of the Diet to the claims of the Count of Habsburg. There is a very pretty picture on the subject of the meeting of the Count and the priest at the Griesbach, in the beautiful gallery at Northwick Park, in the county of Worcester.

Page 203.

"The Glove."

For a spirited translation of this ballad, see Poems, by the late Rev. Edward Smedley, A.M., London, 8vo. 1826,

p. 330. They were edited, alas! posthumously, with a very able and interesting memoir of the lamented author; and there has since appeared a publication, entitled "The Tribute," which does equal honour to his memory, and to the spontaneous exertions of the noble editor—the Earl of Northampton, his contemporary at college. After these honourable testimonies, it is indeed unnecessary to add yet another, though an humble one, from a schoolfellow, senior in standing, but long and intimately acquainted with all his valuable qualities—the amiability of his boyhood, the worth, talent, assiduity, and resignation of later years!

Page 204.

"And the king wav'd his hand."

One of the peculiarities in the rhythm of this singular ballad is, that the last word in every preceding stanza rhymes with the first line of the following. This produces something like the effect so frequent in Pindaric verse, and likewise, though of rarer occurrence, in the Odes of Horace, where the sentence is continued from one stanza into another, as in Ode V. lib. iii.—*Consenuit socerorum in armis Sub rege Medo Marsus et Appulus.* This peculiarity—an essential characteristic of the original—it has been thought necessary to preserve throughout this translation. It is analagous to what musicians call a *balk*, or false cadence.

Page 207.

"And he hurl'd in her face," &c.

This ungracious act is omitted in the edition published in the *Musenalmach* of 1798, where, instead of *Er wirft ihr den Handschu in's Gesicht*, we read, *Der Ritter sich tief herbeugend spricht*. Mr. Smedley takes a middle course, and palliates the affront by making the knight throw the glove into the lady's *lap* instead of her face. We follow the last edition, printed at the Haag in 1830.

Page 211.

"The Cranes of Ibycus."

The poet Ibycus was a native of Rhegium, the modern Reggio, a city of Modena, in Italy; and flourished, according to the chronology of the learned and laborious author of "*Fasti Hellenici*," in the reign of Cræsus, Olymp. 54, about 560 years before the Christian æra. He was contemporary with Thales the Milesian, with Pisistratus of Athens, and with Polycrates, the father of the tyrant of Samos. None of his poems have descended to modern times, but we learn from Cicero, *Tust Quæst*, lib. iv. 33, that they were, above all others, of an amatory character. He is also mentioned by Strabo, and other writers, who have recorded the following anecdote of his death, upon which this ballad is founded. In one of his travels, probably as

a rhapsodist, or itinerant poet, according to the custom of the age, he had the misfortune to fall among robbers, and was slain in a solitary place, where there were no witnesses of the murder; but it happened just as he was expiring, that a flock of cranes was flying over his head. These, in the superstitious spirit of heathenism, he adjured, for want of better evidence, to bear witness of his death. Some time afterwards, while the murderers were sitting in the forum, or some other public place, one of them, observing a flight of the same birds, whispered in jest to the other, "Αἱ Ἰβύκου ἐνδικοί παρείσιν. These words being overheard, rendered the parties suspected, and ultimately, through their own confession, led to their execution. The cranes of Ibycus thus became a proverbial expression, to denote any sudden and unintentional confession of guilt; and gave rise to the line of Ausonius—

Ibycus ut periit, vindex fuit altivolans grus.

Out of these scanty materials has Schiller constructed one of his most interesting ballads, which is of the number of those mentioned in a foregoing part of this volume, as combining the fables of Grecian Mythology with the rhythm of Teutonic verse. The incidents with which Schiller has, as usual, amplified and varied the history, afforded him the opportunity of displaying, not only his learning, but also his intimate knowledge of the human mind, at a time, and in a situation when it was most liable to be worked upon by superstitious fears. Nothing can be more happy than the fiction of introducing his murderers, immediately after the perpetration of their crime, into the

midst of a crowded amphitheatre, at the Isthmian games, held in honour of Neptune, at the moment when the loss of their favourite poet was fresh in the memory of the spectators, and during such a representation as the Eumenides of Æschylus, for it is to that tragedy which our poet alludes in his almost literal translation of such passages as this—

Επί δε τῷ τεθυμένῳ
 Τοδε μελος, παρακοπά
 Παραφορὰ, φρενοδαλὶς
 Ὕμνος ἐξ Ἑριννύων

The description of the chorus itself is most masterly, and deserves a few words of explanation, particularly as to the movements and position of that important accompaniment of the drama, in its own appropriate station—the *orchestra*. This word the translator has ventured to insert, though not directly mentioned in the original. But to make this more intelligible, it may not be amiss briefly to describe the structure and arrangement of a Greek theatre, and the general purposes to which it was assigned, referring for a more ample account to Schlegel's admirable lectures, and Sir W. Gill's beautiful ground plans and other illustrations of the antiquities of Pompeii.

The Greek drama had its origin in religion; so that every theatre was, for the time, not only a receptacle for spectators of a show, but a temple dedicated to some deity, in honour of whom certain ceremonies were performed. Such were the celebrated Isthmian games, comprising, among other contentions, that of the chariot race,

and the recitation of poems, whether single odes, like those of Pindar, or of plays consisting of choral hymns as well as dialogue; the victor's prize being a wreath of pine leaves. These theatres were always segments of a circle, never describing less than semicircles, and sometimes completing the whole circumference, in which case they were called amphitheatres. To judge by the remains of the Colosseum at Rome, and of others in various places, these buildings must have greatly exceeded in size the largest of modern structure; some of them have been computed to hold 30,000 spectators. The part appropriated to the audience was called the hollow, *Κοῖλον*, and consisted of semicircular benches rising tier above tier to the elevation of sometimes not less than 400 feet from top to bottom. These seats were divided into various compartments by stairs and landing places, *Καίμακες* and *Διάζώματα*. Within the lowest circle of these benches, and about twelve feet below them, was the *orchestra*, corresponding in position to our pit. Here the chorus was stationed, occupying, however, that portion only which adjoined the stage (*Proscenium*), a broad space on a level with the lowest tier of benches; and exactly in the centre was a platform called *thymele*, where the choræus, or leader and spokesman of the chorus, stood, surrounded by the rest. These, when stationary, occupied the steps on each side immediately above him. But at other times the chorus was employed in singing hymns to the Gods, or other lyric odes couched in the highest strain of poetry, generally applicable to the business of the play, and accompanied by the flute. Of the duties of the chorus Horace gives this animated description :—

Actoris partes chorus officiumque virile
 Defendat; neu quid medios intercinat actus,
 Quod non proposito conducat et hæreat apte :
 Ille bonis faveatque, et conciliatur amicis ;
 Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes ;
 Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis, ille salubrem
 Justitiam legesque et apertis otia portis :
 Ille tegat commissa, deosque precetur et oret
 Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

While engaged in giving vent to these elevated strains, the performers were at the same time dancing to the measure of the music, crossing and re-crossing the orchestra from right to left during the strophe, and from left to right during the anti-strophe: when arrived at the centre of the stage they stopped, and there sang the epode. Thus the strophe and anti-strophe were of equal length, and measured line by line in accordance with the time necessary to complete each evolution; while the epode, being sung in a standing posture, required no limitation of time or measure. The Σκηνή, scene, closed the view behind the orchestra. The theatre had no roof, for it was inconsistent with the religious notions of the time to shut out the prospect of heaven during any national ceremony; "An action," to use the words of Schlegel, "which bore such glorious testimony to their affinity with heaven, must also proceed beneath the eyes of the Gods, for whom indeed, as Seneca says, the sight of a brave man struggling with adversity is a worthy object of contemplation." It was not till times comparatively modern that the audience was even occasionally protected from the weather

by an awning. This, therefore, was a refinement long subsequent to the date of events commemorated in this ballad; so that the darkness occasioned by the cranes passing over the theatre, combined with the horror and silence of the scene, may well be supposed to have alarmed the guilty conscience of the murderers, so as to induce the catastrophe of the poem; especially when we take into account the peculiar national superstition of fatality attached to the furies, and the theatrical effect produced by means of the hideous masks, the *Oukos* and the cothurnus, the lofty head-dress and high-heel'd shoe—the vitâ major imago, to which our poet alludes in his personal description of these supernatural agents. Such an incident as this cannot but forcibly remind us of Hamlet's contrivance "to catch the conscience of the king," so forcibly indeed, that one might almost imagine it to have been suggested by these lines—

I've heard
That guilty creatures seated at a play
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions :
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.

Page 225.

"The wedding song.—From Gothe."

Johan Wolfgang von Göthe was born at Frankfort, 1749, and died at Weimar, 1833. To enumerate all the pro-

ductions of so prolific a pen, or to quote the various opinions of biographers and critics concerning them, would far exceed the compass of a note: something, however, in the way of a short epitome, may reasonably be expected; for though the name and great reputation of Göthe have been familiar to English readers, from the date of the first publication of his "Sorrows of Werther," down to the latest translations of Faust, by Dr. Anster, Lord F. Egerton, and Mr. Hayward, yet it may be doubted whether many of his works which are so celebrated abroad, are generally, if at all, known in this country much beyond their titles. His *Götz von Berlichingen*, to which Sir Walter Scott gave popularity for a time; his *Ephigenia*, *Torquato Tasso*, and *Herman und Dorothea* are the works chiefly recommended by Professors A. Bernays, of King's College, and Z. Von Mühlenfels, of the London University. Mr. Stoëber, one of his most enthusiastic admirers, remarks of his songs and other lyrical pieces, that, if the whole circle of German literature were condemned to destruction, and he had the power of saving any portion, it should be these. And Madame de Staël notices the poem here given as the first specimen of Göthe's style in the following words:—"Le chant de noce dans le vieux châteaux peint les animaux, non comme des hommes, a la manière de la Fontaine, mais comme des creatures bizarres, et dans lesquelles la nature s'est égayée." For more ample information concerning the life and writings of this universal genius, see the following works; *Göthe als Mensch und Schriftsteller*; *Conversations Lexicon*, under the article Goethe; *Aus meinem Leben*;

Dichtung und Wahrheit von Goethe; Jörden's *Lexicon Deutscher Dichter und Prosaiter*; Menzel's *Deutsche Literatur*; Goethe's *Leben von Döring*; Mrs. Austin's *Characteristics of Goethe*; and the prefaces, notes, and advertisements already so often quoted, annexed to the second edition of *Faust*, &c., by A. H. Hayward, Esq., London, 8vo. 1834.

Page 226.

"A pigmy so pert with his pendulous light."

In the original *mit Ampeln Licht*. Several of the translator's German friends had been consulted before he could learn the critical meaning of this phrase; the word *Ampel* not occurring in any dictionary, to which he had access. The information was at length kindly supplied by his learned friend and correspondent, Professor Otto Schmidt, to whom he is indebted for many other valuable communications. The following is his explanation:—

"Die Ampel is a poetical term for lamp. The word, however, does not convey the idea of a lamp on a pedestal, but one which is or may be suspended like a chandelier. The preternatural being, alluded to by Göthe, is a gnome, or spirit of the mine, and therefore he gives him not *eine Lampe*, but *eine Ampel*, as miner's lamps are suspended from their hats or bonnets."

Page 228.

"With whispering, and lisping, and chattering," &c.

If the significant sounds which Göthe has so fancifully brought together in this passage have not been imitated somewhat in the spirit of the original, there can be no excuse for a translator who writes in a language which is said to resemble the *chirping of birds*. The saying which is reported of Charles the Fifth is still more severe—"Spanish should be spoken to God; Italian to your mistress; French to your friend; German to soldiers; and English to—*geese*." *Dii meliora piis! erroremque hostibus illum!*

Page 231.

"The Minstrel,"

It is impossible to read this ballad in the original and not be reminded of the delightful introduction to the Lay of the Last Minstrel. Without inquiring which was written first, it is sufficient to remark, that the resemblance is striking in every respect; they are both animated pictures, the portraiture of which is composed of persons nearly "of the same clime, complexion, and degree." But the principal figure in Sir Walter's group, *Ante omnia corpora primus Emicat*: Göthe's can only be admitted as *Proximus huic, longo sed proximus intervallo*. His harping wants what the Scots call "*the derdrum*" of our inimit-

able "Minstrel." The nearest approach to it, perhaps, is the exclamation of the old man, when warmed by his copious draught—

Er setzt ihn an, er trank ihn aus :
 O Trank voll süßser Labe !
 O wohl dem hochbeglückten Haus' !
 Wo das ist kleine Gabe ! &c.

But what is such a sketch, spirited though it be, compared with this masterpiece, true to nature in every touch?

He rais'd the silver cup on high ;
 And, while the big drop fill'd his eye,
 Pray'd God to bless the Duchess long,
 And all who cheer'd a son of song.
 The attending maidens smil'd to see
 How long, how deep, how zealously
 The precious juice the Minstrel quaff'd :
 And he, embolden'd by the draught,
 Look'd gaily back to them and laugh'd.

Pages 234, 235.

" *Song.—The Ratcatcher.*"

These two specimens are inserted, not so much for any intrinsic merit, either in the original or translation, but in reference to a preceding note, where mention is made of the author's contribution to Baron Arnim's German Melodies, among which they will be found, set to very striking airs, which, like many others in the same collection, de-

serve the attention of musicians. Of the work referred to few, if any, copies remain, and it is suggested that another, constructed upon a similar plan of interlineary words in both languages, might attract more attention at present, than when the study of German poetry and music was less in fashion.

Page 238.

"Whose very praise," &c.

Compare the opening of this affecting poem with the *Épître* of Schiller, as fair samples of the style of two distinguished writers in expressing nearly the same sentiment in different ways. There is a beautiful passage in Southey's dedication to the memory of the Rev. Herbert Hill—a poem yielding to neither in its deep and original pathos—which resembles that at the close of the third stanza of Göthe's lines. *Our* great poet, in contemplation of a forthcoming work, introduces the subject with a parenthesis, which must find an interest in every feeling heart:—

So but life
Be given me to mature the gathered store
Of thirty years.

He then continues thus—

Alas! should this be given,
Such consummation of my work will now
Be but a mournful close—the one being gone

Whom to have satisfied was still to me
 A pure reward, outweighing far all breath
 Of public praise.

See Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, by Robert Southey. London, 8vo. 1829. What writer who has lived long enough to survive the encouragement of his earlier admirers, but must enter into the feeling of this melancholy indifference to future applause?

Page 241.

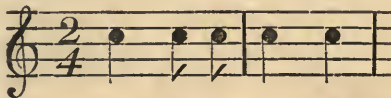
"The Wanderer.—From Tieck."

Louis Tieck was born at Berlin, 1773, and is considered by some, since the death of Göthe, to be the leading literary character in his own country. By others, however, he is thought only to share the laurel with Uhland, and to be chiefly estimable for his prose romances. But he is allowed by all to possess a rich fancy, and an original turn of mind; so that any collection, however compendious, would be justly held incomplete without at least one specimen of his style. The present is selected because it has become a decided favourite, and is, besides, so fanciful in its measure that it affords a fair sample at least of singularity. Each stanza consists of two iambic quatrains, followed by four unequal lines of dactylic metre, the first of which ends in one trochee and one cretic or amphimacer; the second and third consists, like the end of a pentameter, of one dactyle preceding a long syllable; and the last of

an anapæst, a pyrrhic, and a cretic foot. Thus

Yēt thêre's nŏ | lĭttlĕ | gŏldĕn stâr,
 Yŏndĕr ă | fâr,
 Fălse ăš thĕy | ăre,
 Bŭt Ĩ wŏo'd | ăš mŷ | guărdĭăn stâr.

This rhythm is, perhaps, better suited to music than recital. The English ear is much less accustomed to this mixture of metres than the German, for we meet with it in all their favourite poets. For example, in Schiller's *Wurde der Frau*, and Göthe's *Zauber-Lehrling*. It would, therefore, be inconsistent with the translator's object, whether in accordance with his own taste or not, to divest his specimens of so characteristic a feature. In all these allusions to the construction of verse it must be borne in mind that German prosody makes a clear distinction between metre and rhythm, regulating the *former* by the rules of syllabic scansion, the *latter* by those of musical mensuration, and these are accordingly noted by their respective symbols. For example, to designate a dactylic and spondee with reference to *metre*, they would be marked with the usual signs of the long and short syllable, thus $\sim \sim | \sim \sim$, but to denote the *rhythm* of the same feet, recourse would be had to musical notation—a crotchet and two quavers preceding two crotchets, thus



For a detailed explanation of this system the reader may

consult with great advantage Chapman's Rhythmical Grammar of the English Language; while the German student who is also curious in Greek prosody will find abundant information in the works of Voss, Apel, Meinike, and Boëck de metris Pindari. See also a critique on this subject in the Foreign Quarterly Review for April, 1839.

Page 257.

"One candle now gleamed," &c

The translator has ventured to add this quatrain, more clearly to point out the mysterious connexion between the *seven* candles and the lives of the *seven* champions. Some apology is due to the illustrious author for this liberty with a poem which required no addition to enhance its original beauty. If no improvement to the text itself, it may, however, be pardoned as a proof of zeal to illustrate its meaning. L. Uhland has been already more than once mentioned in the course of this treatise, but the reader may not, perhaps, consider it useless to be informed, that in Germany he is chiefly distinguished as the author of a tragedy entitled *Ernst von Schwaben*, and that his works have been collected together in one ample volume, published at Stuttgart, 8vo. 1838.

Page 267.

Stanza XXIX. has been added by the translator.

Page 270.

" The Gallows at Posen."

Posen, or Posna, a town in the duchy of Warsaw, once the capital of a palatinate in Poland, and an ancient episcopal see, was annexed to the Prussian dominions in 1773, but transferred by the treaty of Tilsit to the king of Saxony, in 1807. Since the last treaty, signed at Paris, 1815, it has been reconsigned to Prussia; and, during the late struggle with the Poles, has been unhappily the scene of many public executions, to which the ballad alludes. The white and red roses here mentioned, refer to the national colours of Poland.

The poem was sent in manuscript to the translator, with a note that the author was not certainly known, although the name of one was suggested; which, however, it would be improper to publish in connection with political events of so recent a date.

Page 273.

" The Song of the Sword."

Theodore Körner was born at Dresden, 1791, and fell, in a skirmish with the French, under Davoust, not far from Gadesbusch, in Mecklenburgh, August 26, 1813. He was the Tyrtæus of his age. Educated originally as a superintendant or engineer of mines, but urged by an irresistible impulse to poetry, he became the leading author of the royal theatre of Vienna, and was early celebrated for his

tragedy, entitled *Zriny*, one of the many other admired pieces contained in the *Poetischer Nachlass*, published at Leipsig, in two volumes. He abandoned these peaceful pursuits, and the society of a lady—a celebrated actress, to whom he was betrothed—at the call of his country to arm against the tyranny of Napoleon: but he never relinquished the muse, even in the tumult of war; for Mr. Bernay remarks, “It was with his pen that he smote the legions of the foe, even after he had achieved his glorious career in the field of honour.” His war songs, composed during the campaign in which he bravely fought and fell, ceased not to excite his countrymen to patriotism after his death. They were published under the title of *Leier und Schwert*—“The Harp and Sword.” This song forms part of that celebrated collection, and has been selected as a general sample of his style; not, however, without some apology for having been attempted after several other translations which have preceded it, none of which are more deservedly admired than that by Mr. Richardson, published 1829. The present translator can only atone for a repetition which might otherwise, perhaps, be deemed unnecessary, by adding one or two remarks which have been omitted by his predecessors. The thought is so foreign to an English reader as to be almost unintelligible without some explanation, being expressed in the form of a dialogue between the soldier and his sword. The latter is apostrophized as his bride, and answers in the same figurative character. During the course of this singular conversation, allusion is made to the rites of marriage, and the bearing away of the

bride to the bridegroom's home. These are compared to the forcible drawing of the sword from its scabbard. A metaphor, still less obvious, is deduced from the position of the weapon on the left side, in allusion to the custom which prevails among the nobility of the empire, of contracting what are called left-handed marriages. This, to the sober ear of criticism, may sound rather forced and extravagant, yet is the conception executed with such spirit as to make ample amends in the original. If not equally atoned for in the translation, some allowance may be reasonably expected for the difficulty of reconciling the difference of national tastes and conflicting idioms. The attempt may also be justified by a desire to unite with others in recording an example of heroic rapture which does equal honour to the soldier and the poet.

Page 278.

"The Soldier's Cloak."

Literally, The Mantel Song—~~Das Mantel-Lied~~—was presented by a young friend to the translator in manuscript, and set to a beautiful air in an opera, supposed to be dramatized from Bürger's *Lenora*, for the theatre at Weimar. He is sorry that he can give no further account of it, notwithstanding many enquiries among his foreign friends. This certainly proves no great popularity; yet there is much spirit and originality in the thought; and though the poem bears few or no characteristics of Bürger's usual style—none of those wild and noisy repe-

titions which abound in some of his ballads—yet the thought may be fairly assumed to have been his own, and may therefore be allowed to suggest a brief outline of his life and writings. Godfried August Bürger, the son of a protestant clergyman, was born January 1, 1748, at Walmerswende, near Halberstadt. Although, like our inimitable Dibdin, he wrote chiefly in a style to suit the tastes of the lower orders of the people, still he is pronounced by the best critics to be a poet unsurpassed for natural thought and energy of expression. His fame abroad is founded chiefly upon compositions which bear a national interest, such as his *Women of Weinsberg* ; his *Parson's Daughter* ; his *Brave Man*, &c. : here he is better known through the masterly translations of his two ballads,—*Lenora*, and the *Wild Hunter*—the former by William Spenceer, the latter by Walter Scott ; the one illustrated by the elegant designs of Lady Diana Beauclerk, the other still more forcibly recommended to our attention by the interesting narrative of Mr. Lockhart, in reference to the early correspondence of the future great magician with Miss Cranston, afterwards Countess of Hansfeldt. After such specimens of Bürger's muse, no apology can be required for the omission of any here. To proceed then ; Bürger led a life of much misery, which is said to have been the consequence of his own imprudence and immorality, and died in great distress in 1794. His poems were edited by Reinhard, in two vols., 8vo., Berlin, 1800, and have since gone through several editions. They have also been very recently illustrated by Mr. Retzsch, in a manner no less spirited than any of his former outlines.

Page 281.

"Changes and Chances."

This song calls to recollection many a convivial hour passed as a guest at the hospitable board of the **Deutsche Verein**—the German club—and many a regret that it exists no more. The author, August Von Kotzebue, born May 3, 1761, at Weimar, was assassinated at Mannheim, March 23, 1819, by a fanatical student, one of those self-privileged enthusiasts, who too often disgrace the respectability of the German universities, and prove themselves unworthy of their alma mater. It may at first appear that the students at the different universities, which, by the census in 1820, amounted to no more than nine thousand seven hundred and ninety-one, are too inconsiderable to justify the importance which has been attached to them: yet, when we consider that they form only a small portion of those secret associations called **Burschenschaft**, consisting of the whole youth of Germany, between the age of twenty and thirty, roaming about like privileged vagabonds—it is easy to imagine how even these trifling numbers, mixed with a discontented soldiery and restless population, who look upon them as so many leaders and instructors, may prove a very dangerous engine of combustion, when brought into contact with larger masses ready to explode at the first touch of an incendiary. Kotzebue is deeply lamented in his own country, where his reputation stands high as a most popular and voluminous dramatic writer. His comedies, though they often exhibit wit of a higher class, are generally more remarkable

for their farcical humour. Many of his ludicrous characters and situations put us strongly in mind of the personalities of Foote. His *Deutschen Kleinstädter*—Citizens of Small German Towns—for example, is much in the spirit of “The Mayor of Garratt;” and it may be here remarked as matter of surprise, that none of our ready dramatizers have yet adapted it to our stage; for though the interest is for the most part local, and the wit chiefly consisting of national allusions, yet there is a natural drollery in the dialogue and incidents, which, if well adapted, would be likely to succeed with any audience. For true wit and humour are common to all nations, and the perception of them liable to no limitation by any age or locality.

Page 284.

“*The Switzer’s Home.*”

Hertz mein Hertz is too well known and admired as one of the favourite airs in the *Frei-Schutz* to require further notice.

Page 286.

“*The Nightly Review.*”

Die nächtliche Herrschau is the romantic production of Johann Christian Von Zedlitz, who is likewise the author of *Das Geisterschiff*—The Spectre Ship. This distinguished romancer is a *Freiherr*, or Baron of the German empire.

Page 291.

"Barbarossa in Kyffhäuser."

For this, and several other valuable contributions of original pieces, during a correspondence of several years, the translator is indebted to his friend and instructor, Charles Ebenau, the learned and amiable professor at Wiesbaden, whose establishment for the education of English youth he gladly takes this opportunity of recommending, under the warrant of a personal knowledge of the general merits and economy of the institution, and of the high principles, ability, and experience of its superintendent. (See Appendix at the end of this volume.) The hero of this *Sage*, or tradition (of which there are many concerning the same person) must not be mistaken for the famous Algerine pirate and Sicilian renegado of the sixteenth century. It relates to Frederick I., Emperor of Germany, who bore the same surname from the same cause—the redness of his beard. He was the son of Frederick, Duke of Swabia, and succeeded his uncle, Conrad III., on the Imperial throne, in 1152, at the close of a long and eventful reign, chiefly signalized by his disputes with the Roman See, in which he was alternately successful and defeated. In 1188 the siege of Jerusalem, by Saladin, having suspended his quarrels at home, he took the cross at the head of 160,000. He was opposed in his march through the territories of the Greek Emperor, and having reached the Turkish frontier with a reduced army, he besieged and took the city of Iconium; and was

proceeding on his victorious career, when, tempted by the heat of the climate to bathe in a river of Cilicia, he was carried away by the stream and drowned. The body probably was never found, and so gave rise to the tradition of his still bearing "a charmed life," entranced under the ruins of Kyffhäuser, which are still shown on the banks of the Elbe, beyond Hartzwalde, in the northern part of Thuringia, one of the circles of Saxony, and part of the landgravate of that name. It may be not uninteresting to some readers, to be reminded that this was the scene to which Frederick von Hardenberg—who assumed the name of Novalis—retired after the death of his betrothed Sophia, and shortly before his own untimely end. This opportunity must not be omitted to apologize for the absence of a specimen from the pen of so celebrated a writer as Novalis. His works chiefly consist of hymns and other poems of a religious turn—

Verum hæc ipse equidem spatiis exclusus iniquis,

Prætereo, atque aliis post me memoranda relinquo.

But to return to Barbarossa. The tradition is commonly believed among the people, that at the fated period the spell will be dissolved, when he is to rise again and restore the integrity of the Western Empire. The author of this, and many other romantic poems, of which there is another specimen in this collection, is Frederick Rückert, a celebrated writer still living. His patriotic songs, published 1813, are much admired: he is also distinguished as an oriental scholar, and has published a volume of imitations of Persian poetry, entitled *Oestliche Rosen*—Eastern Roses, Leipsig, 1822. The sixth stanza is added by the

translator, and was suggested by the self-inflicted penances of the eastern Fakirs or Yogees, who often bind themselves by a vow to hold their hands clenched together till the nails grow out at the back of them.

Page 294.

"The Richest Prince.—Justin Kerner."

Christian Justinus Kerner, was born at Ludigsburgh in Würtemburgh, 1786, exercises the profession of a physician, at Weimsberg, in Swabia, and enjoys the honourable reputation of a poet whose muse, whether in joy or sorrow, inspires none but the most amiable and exalted sentiments. The translator has ventured to add the last stanza. Dr. Kerner has recently brought himself very prominently into notice as a practitioner of animal magnetism, of which such wonders are daily related.

Page 297.

"The Pilgrim of St. Justin.—Count Platen."

August Count Von Platen Hallermund, the author of this and many other celebrated poems published at Stuttgart, 1828, first attracted attention by a comedy called *Die Verhängnisvolle Gabel*—The Fatal Fork—a satire upon the tragedies of Müller and Werner, which are founded on the doctrine of fatalism, such as the *Vierund-*

zwanzigste Februar of the latter, with which many readers must be familiar. In this comedy, the style of the authors whom he has caricatured is said to be admirably parodied, so that the Count may be called, like our Samuel Foote—the Aristophanes of his country, though in England he is perhaps better known as a votary of the lyric muse. His Pilgrim of St. Justin, is the Emperor Charles V., after his abdication on the 25th of October, 1555. He is here represented as already having entered upon his retirement, and knocking at the door of the monastery of St. Justin, a few miles from Placencia, in Estramadura. He is figuratively described as imploring shelter from the gathering storm, a type of the impending disturbance and dismemberment of his empire. History informs us that Charles survived his retirement, which took place at the early age of fifty-five, not quite four years; the first part of this time was rationally spent in the peaceful enjoyments of private life. He dismissed from his mind the politics of Europe, and employed himself in the cultivation of his garden, and the pursuits of science, chiefly music and mechanics, which he studied with Turiano, an artist, who had accompanied him in his retreat. A moderate portion of his time was set apart for religious exercises, in which, at first, there was no appearance of fanaticism; but as his mind became debilitated with his constitution, and by a natural tendency to superstition, he sunk at last to the degradation of monastic penance. The day before his death he was prompted by the priests, to whose direction he had resigned himself, to undergo the singular solemnity of his own funeral. The impressions left upon his mind by this awful, but absurd

ceremony, brought on a fever, of which he expired September 25, 1558, in his fifty-ninth year.—See Robertson's History.

Page 298.

"Walpurgis-night.—Haring."

Of the author of this singular dialogue between a witch and her child, the translator is unable to give any account beyond the initials of his christian name—G. W. H.—except that he is an existing poet, justly admired for his romantic genius. It will be interesting to English readers to learn, that St. Walpurgis or Walpurga was a native of Britain, and niece to St. Winfried, afterwards called Bonifacius, born at Exeter, 680, and martyred in Friesland, 755. Walpurgis accompanied her uncle to assist in the conversion of the heathens in Germany, where she died, and was canonized 776. Her relics are preserved in the Benedictine Convent of Eichstadt, and are believed by the Roman catholics to be efficacious in the cure of the diseases of domestic animals, by an application of an oil which exudes from them, or from the soil on which they are deposited. Her name occurring in the calendar on the 1st of May, which is preceded by the witches' sabbath, the eve of the saint's day has obtained the name of *Walpurgis-night*—a whimsical combination of two such opposite solemnities. Few readers need now be informed that those frightful orgies were held on the Brocken or Blocksberg, the highest pinnacle of the Hartz mountain; where, at the witching hour of night, Satan appeared in person to receive the

homage of his disciples, and to share their abominations, in the shape of a goat. Those who have a taste for prying still deeper into these unhallowed rites are referred to the amusing notes of Sir Walter Scott, to the copious details collected by Mr. Hayward in his annotations upon Faust, and to a work entitled "*Malleus Maleficarum*," compiled 1489. "The common stories of witchcraft," says Southey, "confute themselves. Upon this subject I would say with my old friend Charles Lamb—

‘ I do not love to credit tales of magic,
Heaven’s music, which is order, seems unstrung—
And this brave world, the mystery of God,
Unbeautified, disordered, marred, where such
Strange things are acted.’ ”

On the other hand, we have the authority of Collins, that the poet Fairfax "believed the magic which he sung." Dryden and Hobbes thought they were deservedly punished for believing, or practising under belief, that they could do mischief; and Selden said, that whoever thought he could take away another's life by turning his hat thrice and crying "buz," and did so, ought to be hanged. The last trial and conviction for witchcraft in Great Britain, was in 1722; but the celebrated case of Elizabeth Canning, who was transported for perjury in her evidence against Mary Squires, whom she had accused of bewitching her, proves that the belief in witchcraft prevailed up to the year 1754, and probably much later. In 1780, a girl was burned under the charge at Glarus, in Switzerland. The disgraceful statute of James I. was repealed by the 9th of George II, cap. 5, since which the popular superstition

scarcely any longer exists, though some cruel assaults, and even murders, have been committed under a suspicion of this imaginary crime, long after the abrogation of the Act. See Selden's *Table Talk*, folio, vol. 3, p. 2077; Hobbes's *Leviathan*, p. 7; Scott's *Dæmonology*; Southey's *Colloquies*, &c.

Pages 300 and 305.

*"The Unfortunate Ladies.—The Fortunate Marriage.
Gellert."*

Christian Furchtegott (Fear-god) Gellert, son of a country clergyman, was born 1715, at Hainichur, in Saxony, and died 1769, professor of philosophy at Leipsig. His moral tales, fables, and religious songs have long been the admiration of his countrymen, whom he has equally benefitted by the influence of his own exemplary life. His poetry, though chaste and elegant, was, like his manners and sentiments, of that unostentatious kind, that they established his reputation rather among the few than the many. It has besides been superseded by a more modern school, and may be said at the present day to share the same fate as that of many of our writers of Queen Anne's reign, who, though they may have grown undeservedly obsolete, have never yet been surpassed. The two pieces here selected as specimens were translated at the request of Mrs. Hastings, with whom the author was so great a favourite that she had committed many of his poems to memory. This circumstance is mentioned to account for

the introduction of a name which occurs under the licence of a free translation, in the first of these pieces, and which will be recognised by many as associated with some of their most interesting recollections.

Page 307.

"Hebe.—Langbein."

August Frederick Langbein, born 1759, at Radeberg, near Dresden, is the author of many novels and romances said to be chiefly written in the style of Boccacio. His poems are for the most part of a comic kind; and his wit too often degenerates into coarseness and vulgarity. This, which is of a more pensive mood, has been set to a beautiful air, by F. H. Himmel, in Baron Arnim's German Melodies.

Page 309.

"Remembrance."

A song by Göthe, set to music by Hurka, in the same collection.

Page 311.

"The Giants and the Pigmies."

Literally, dwarfs. There is a burden at the end of each quatrain which has been omitted in the translation. It is only a repetition of the title of the song, which is probably adapted to music. The satire and the excellent moral

which it inculcates are in the style of Gulliver's travels, and bring to our recollection the euphonious names of Griltrig and Glumdalclitch. In a preceding note upon Rückert, the author of this ballad, it ought not to have been omitted, that his name, *in Arcadia*, is Freimund Raimer or Reimer; which may, perhaps, mean the Free-mouthed Rhymer, from the easy flow of his numbers.

Page 315.

"Ode to the Redeemer.—Klopstock."

Frederick Gottlieb Klopstock, the author of the Messiah, was born at Quedlinburgh, near the Hartz, 1724; died at Hamburg, March, 1803, and was buried with great solemnity on the 22nd of that month at Ottensen, a small village near Altona, being followed to the grave by one hundred and twenty-six mourning coaches. His fame is established not only upon the above-mentioned work, but a multitude of others, all upon sacred subjects, whether in the lyric or dramatic style. All his writings are in blank verse, for which reason he was at first not so popular as afterwards. This accounts for an anecdote related in the life of Göthe. In the early days of the latter, so strong was the prejudice against verse without rhyme, that it was only by stealth that the young poet could obtain a copy of "The Messiah," which his father kept concealed from his family, lest it should pervert their taste. How far the reader may sympathize with this feeling, in reference to the poem which has been

translated, may be doubtful; for with the exception of Collins's "Ode to the Evening," and one or two from the masterly pen of Southey, it may be questioned whether the unadorned simplicity of such compositions, however elaborate in their versification, is not repugnant to the taste of this country; and whether Johnson's partiality for rhyme has not fixed the general opinion that blank verse should be confined exclusively to subjects partaking of the epic, didactic, and dramatic character. If all readers, indeed, were of the translator's mind, they would hold rhyme to be almost as indispensable to lyrics, as sunshine to a rainbow, or colour to the plumage of a peacock: divested of these, it is true, they may both retain the gracefulness of their forms, but must assuredly lose all their characteristic brilliancy. The translator, however, according to the plan he has laid down, had no option but to attempt a facsimile of Klopstock's manner; and must be content, if in the judgment of his critics he has produced nothing better than a *lunar rainbow*. At all events, the admirers of Klopstock may find some interest in what may be considered a prelude to his great work, since it contains an allusion throughout to that immortal poem.

Page 321.

"*Arion.—Periander.*"

Arion and his friend Periander, King of Corinth, one of the seven wise men, flourished in the thirty-ninth

Olympiad, about 621 years before the Christian era. The miraculous history upon which Schlegel has founded his poem is related by Herodotus, lib. i. 23, and by Lucian, who, however, gives a somewhat different account. See the dialogue between Neptune and a dolphin, where the latter is made to say, that this transaction took place on Arion's voyage from Corinth to Methymne, not from Tarentum to Corinth, and that he was carried by the dolphin to Tænarus, now Cape Metapan, a promontory of Laconia. Ovid in his *Fasti* II. 93, 118, follows the history of Herodotus, and so do several other authors, some of whom treat it as true, others as fabulous: of the former are Dio Chrysostomus *Orat.* 37, and Plutarch's *Symposium*. The latter also tells a similar story of one Enalus: and Joseph Schaliger, in his *animadversions* on Eusebius, seems to be of the same opinion, which, on the contrary, both Gellius and Strabo reject; while several more modern writers gravely comment upon the dolphin's philanthropy and love of music as matters of fact and well authenticated zoology. Be this as it may, that Arion himself was a real and no fabulous character is beyond dispute. He was a native of Methymne, now Porto Pietro, a city of Lesbos, the modern isle of Mytilin, on the coast of Mysia, which was also the birth place of Sappho and Alcæus. Mr. Clinton quotes many Greek authors and scholiasts to prove that Arion was the inventor of the Cyclian or Dithyrambic chorus.—See *Fasti Hellenici*, Vol. II. p. 211. This is not the first time that the above learned and laborious work has been quoted to illustrate these comparative trifles; and although the writer of this note is well aware that the

respect due to a name so distinguished ought to preserve it inviolate from occasions so little suited to its importance, yet with this apology he is inclined to believe that a token, however humble, of esteem and affection, from an old associate—a fellow student, will not be unacceptable, though it may in some measure involve a breach of decorum; nay, he ventures to hope that the presentation of a copy of this little work in exchange for a much more valuable donation, will not be rejected, even though it should expose him who is so incalculably a loser by the bargain, to the penalty of an Homeric censure.

*Ἐνθ' αὖτε Γλαύκῳ Κρονίδης φρενας ἐξέλατο Zeus
Ὅς πρὸς Τευδείδην Διομήδεα τεύχε' ἄμειβε
Χρύσεα χαλείων ἑκατομβοί' ἐννεαβοίων.*

As this is the only specimen of Schlegel's poetry which the limited extent of this volume will allow, the translator feels it incumbent on him to apologize to his readers for the omission, and still more to the illustrious author, for the imperfect manner in which he has performed a task, second only, if not equally arduous, with his attempt to do justice to the thoughts of a Göthe or a Schiller. With the latter, it will appear by comparing the "Arion" with the "Cranes of Ibycus," that Schlegel has brought himself into honourable competition. In regard to the structure and phraseology of this poem, the critic needs scarcely to be reminded, that they are of that description, which, after the peculiar manner of the German muse, convert heathen mythology into something nearly allied to modern romance; or, in the symbolical language of Mr. Retzsch, twine a wreath of intermingled oak and laurel to adorn the brow of his countrymen.—See Out-

lines, No. III. We have no English lyric poem which exactly assumes this character, unless we except the two Odes on St. Cecilia's Day, by Dryden and Pope. It remains only to notice a word or two in this translation which may possibly want some explanation. In the tenth and eleventh stanzas, the Latin word *plectrum* has been adopted for want of any one in our language applicable to the instrument with which the lyre was struck. It has been sometimes translated, the bow; but that can only be applied to a plectrum of another shape which is drawn across the chords of a stringed instrument—the fides, of which our fiddle is a corruption—so as to produce a continuous sound. But the plectrum here mentioned was only used in what musicians call a *straccato* or *pizzicato* movement, as on the modern harp and *guitar*, the latter being the oriental pronunciation of the ancient word *cythara*. With us the corresponding string-instruments are played by the finger; but the Italian mandolino, so called from its being cut into the shape of an almond, and which gives its name to the particular kind of lute which it strikes, is exactly the plectrum, and would in that language supply the precise translation of the German word *Elfenbein*, literally, elephant bone, i. e. ivory. In the same stanzas it will be observed, that the word usually rendered *bracelets*, is here for the sake of novelty exchanged for the pretty oriental ornament called *bangles*.

Ego cur acquirere pauca
 Si possum, invideor, cum lingua Catonis et Ennî
 Sermonem patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum
 Nomina protulerint? licuit semperque licebit
 Signatum præsentis notâ producere nomen.

Page 333.

Louis Charles, the reigning king of Bavaria, was born August 25, 1786. That his Majesty is not only the liberal and enlightened patron of science throughout his dominions, witness the magnificent gallery and museum at Munich—but himself a highly gifted votary of the muses, is a fact too well known in every civilized country to require illustration from these humble efforts to convey some specimen of his poetic style: yet to have passed it over without any animadversion would have been unjust to established reputation, disappointing to the reader, and detracting injudiciously from whatever interest may attach to this publication. The three short poems selected from a number which might have been adopted with equal propriety, are in the original sufficient to warrant his Majesty's claim to genius of the highest order. They place King Louis at once in the front rank of royal poets, from Augustus down to our own times. In Germany especially, they possess the advantage of soaring far above the meagre efforts of Frederick II., being written in his own beautiful language, pure German, untainted by French frivolity, standing in no need of the *blanchissage* of Voltaire, and thus redeeming the opprobrium so justly cast upon royal patronage by Schiller, in his *Deutsche Muse*.

Kein Augustisch Alter blühte
 Keines Medizäers Güte
 Lächelte der Deutschen Kunst.

In these foreign realms, and even through the misty veil of

translations, these lines will be still considered as gems beaming with a lustre uneclipsed by our noblest writers. They are such verses as a king might be expected to write. Elevated in style, yet tender in expression, they convey sentiments which do equal honour to the head and heart, the monarch and man.

Page 335.

“Of Ludwig’s line right royal.”

The name of Ludwig—Lewis—has been always auspicious in the annals of Bavaria; and is for that reason admitted into this translation, which, though not strictly literal, conveys the spirit and meaning of the passage. The ducal, now regal family of Bavaria, descends from Charlemagne, whose son Ludwig the pious, united Pannonia to Bavaria, and, for the first time, erected it into a kingdom, A. D. 814. Afterwards, another Ludwig, surnamed Bavarus, of the house of Wittelbach, was crowned Emperor, A. D. 1414. In 1613 the electoral dignity was conferred upon Maximilian, son of Charles, Duke of Loraine, and after the lapse of many years, and sundry revolutions, it has been reserved for the glory of the present monarch, as the meed of his patriotic efforts against the usurpation of France, not only to restore his native dominions to their ancient royalty, and thus transmit them to his hereditary successors, *the first born object of this paternal benediction*, but with all the joy associated with classic recollections, to behold the crown of Greece sparkling on the head

of his younger son. But there is a pearl of price in his Majesty's own diadem—the gem of genius—which far transcends the rest, a Κτήμα ἐς αἰῶν which will reflect its lustre upon his latest posterity.

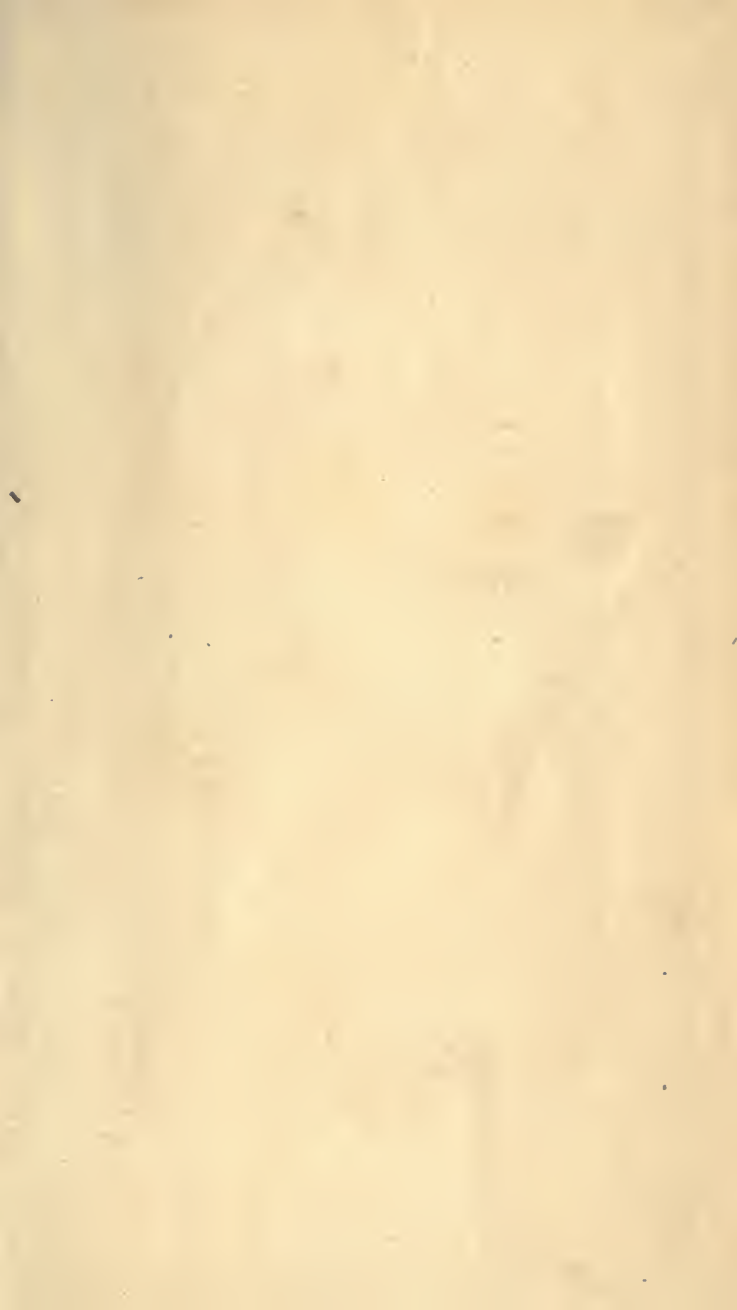
Χάρμα δ' οὐκ ἀλλότριον νι-
καφορία πατέρος.

END OF VOL. I.

ERRATA IN VOL. I.

- Page 121. line 4. for "continental," read "continental."
 133. line 6. erase (,) after sweat-drops.
 152. line 5. for "rest," read "rise."
 162. line 3. for "far or ne'er," read "far or near."
 163. line 4. for "mineon," read "minion."
 203. lines 9 and 10, for
 " And forth from the same
 A lion came."—Read
 " And forth in his pride
 A lion hied."
 313. line 4. for "around," read "abroad."
 323. line 10. for "a tomb(,)," read "a tomb(,)."
 326. line 7. for "olivious," read "oblivious."
 328. line 13. for "conspicuous," read "conspicuous."
 342. cancel note, "Accompanied if possible, &c.," and
 the three following lines.
 351. line 5. from bottom, for "~~berbluhteten~~," read
 "~~berbluhtete~~."
 355. line 7. from bottom, for "Tübinger," read
 "Tübingen."
 361. line 3. from bottom, for "~~stoltz~~," read "stolz."
 362. line 11. for "~~Krantz~~," read "Kranz."
 367. line 14. for "unideomatical," read "unidio-
 matical."
 373. line 12. for "familiar," read "familiar."
 383. line 9. from bottom, for "æra," read "era."
 385. line 8. from bottom, for "Gill," read "Gell."
 395. line 7. from bottom, for "dactylic," read "dactyl."
 403. line 4. from bottom, after "16,000," read "men."
 405. line 6. for "Ludigsburgh," read "Ludwigsburg."
 405. line 8. for "Weimsberg," read "Weinsberg."
 414. line 5. for "associate—a," read "associate and."







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